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HUGH DARNABY
A STORY OF KENTUCKY

BY

GARRETT MORROW DAVIS



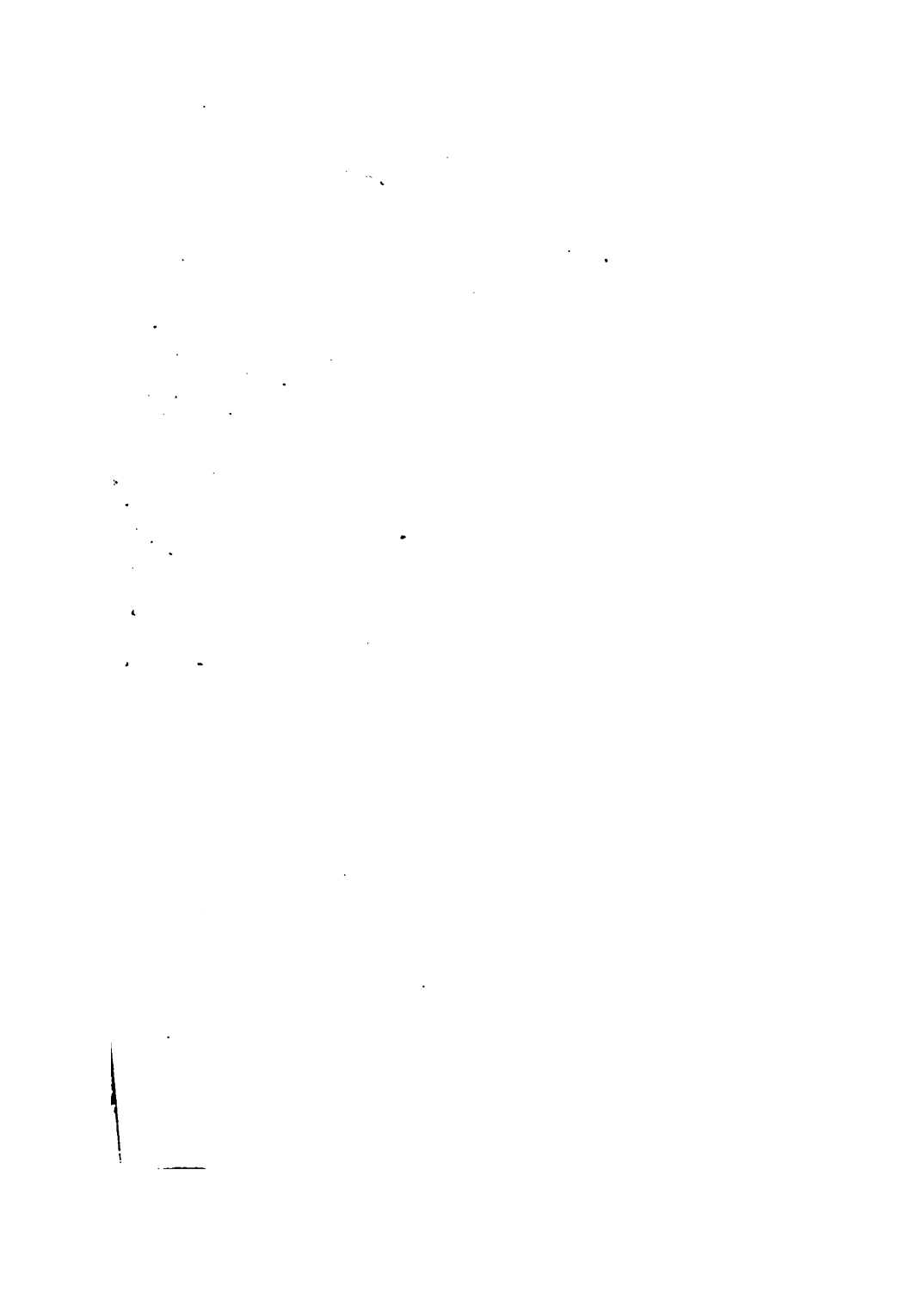


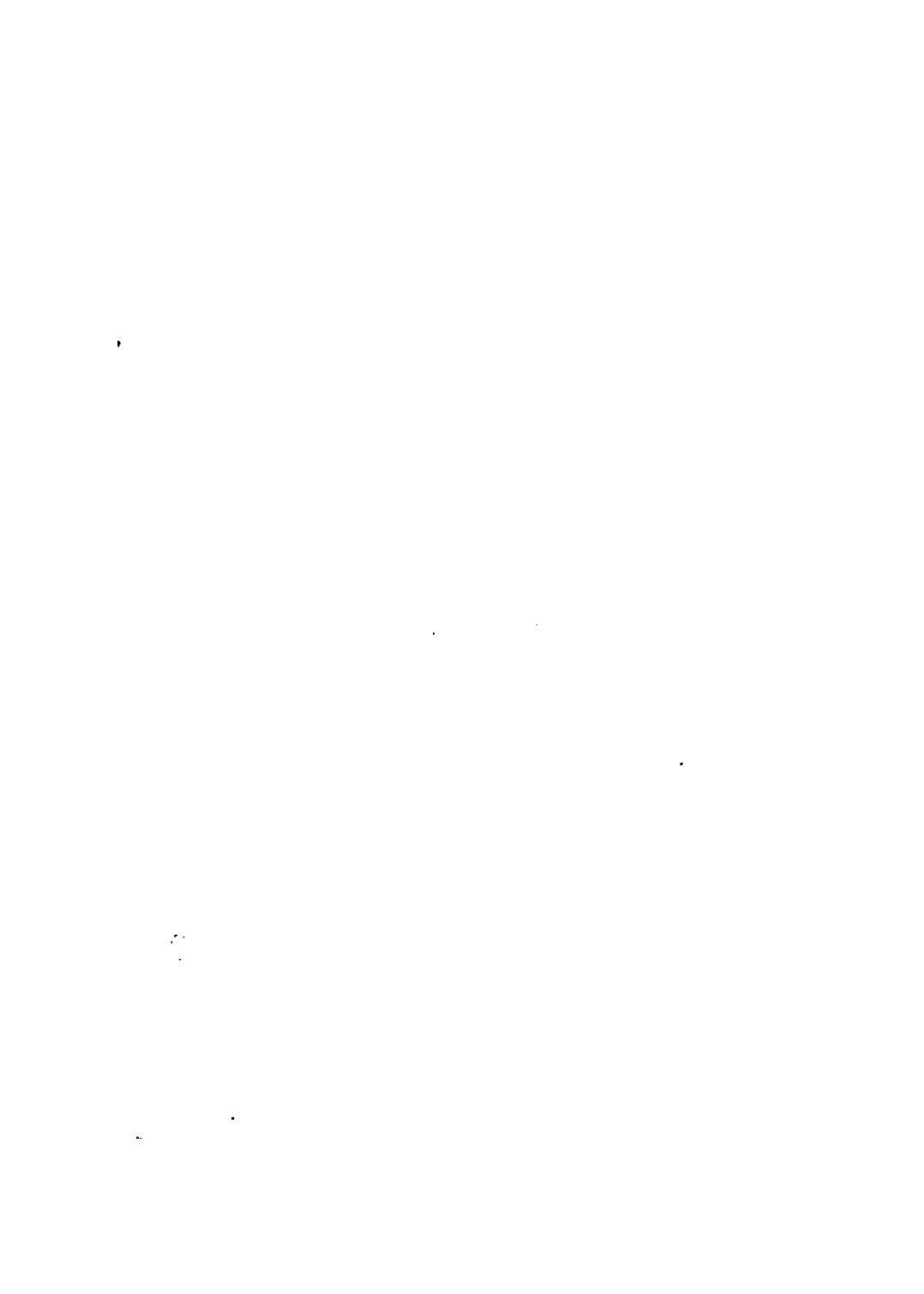
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HUGH DARNABY

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A STORY OF KENTUCKY

BY

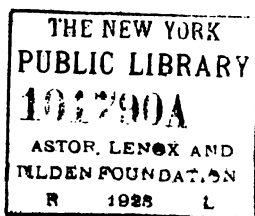
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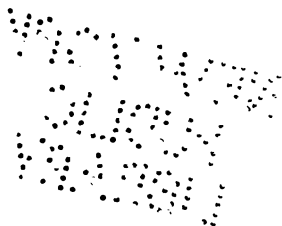
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BY GARRETT MORROW DAVIS.



JUST A WORD.

I wish to inscribe this little story to the friends of a younger generation which I have made in later years, from both north of the beautiful Ohio and from south of the southern line of Kentucky, as well as to the young men and maidens of my native and well-beloved State, in the hope that it may prove of some historical value to them all, as most of the incidents therein narrated are founded on fact, and also in the further hope that a more intimate acquaintance with the every-day life of my people will enable those from other States to better understand them, and that in consequence thereof we may become yet closer friends.

Sincerely,

GARRETT MORROW DAVIS.

with 13 July 1923

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HUGH DARNABY.

CHAPTER I.

INTRODUCING MY HERO.

THE October days had come. In Central Kentucky, as a general thing, the month of October is very beautiful.

On one of these days, perched upon the "bars" which, when up, served to close the entrance to the field in which he had been working, from the lane leading to the house, sat Hugh Darnaby.

He was the "young gentleman" of the family, though not so young either, as time goes, for he had fully lived out five and twenty years.

Like the sons of many of the farmers in Kentucky, though they were comfortably fixed as far as this world's goods are con-

cerned, Hugh Darnaby had his share of the work to do.

And now, as the sun was about to hide itself behind yonder hill he had quit work, and was resting awhile before proceeding to the house.

The war between the States had been going on since the early spring. The "boys" from almost all the neighborhood had enlisted on the one side or the other in the great struggle. His own brothers, two of them there were older than himself, had espoused the Union cause, and had gone forth to do battle for it.

Al. Grigsby, living, when at home, on the adjoining farm, had joined Capt. C——'s company, raised in the county, and had already fought 'neath the "old flag."

Bill Johnston, whose father's place lay surrounding the school house over there in sight, had taken his gun and horse and was now riding with Morgan, later known as the Confederate general John H. Morgan.

Still there were a few young men left, and among them Hugh Darnaby.

When the report of the first gun had sounded over Charleston harbor his heart had leapt to his mouth; the martial fire had burned very brightly in his breast, and he then had a great desire to go and be a soldier.

But which way? The question had been troubling him ever since, and so far he had drifted further and further away from finding a satisfactory answer to it.

Mr. Darnaby, Hugh's father, was a Union sympathizer, but was past the military age, and the mother prayed and plead not to lose her youngest son—her latest born.

She knew the doubt that was troubling Hugh's mind, if the father did not, and she said and did everything in her power to defer, if not to prevent, a determination on his part.

She was not a selfish woman by any means, but she was a loving mother. She

had given her two older boys to the service of her country, sending them off with her blessing, with tears and with many prayers for their safety.

And was she to be called upon to give up this one too—her youngest, and the only one left to her? It was too much. Besides she had a fear that Hugh might not decide as his father would wish, and as she might wish also. Then she urged that some one was needed to overlook the business of the farm. Father was not as strong as he once was, and was beginning to grow old.

Hugh had thought of all this, too. As I have said, there were a few of the boys left at home, a sufficient number of them to act as “partners” to the girls at the occasional dances given in the neighborhood, and there was one to be given at neighbor Pendleton’s that evening.

As he sat upon the “bars” Hugh took from his pocket a newspaper, and read very intently for a few moments a great battle

had been fought; then casting the paper aside, he sat thinking, not heeding that the slight breeze carried the columns of the news to the most secret places of nature. Perhaps he was dreaming. It struck him with almost irresistible force that two questions must be decided by him this evening. One was, should he go to the party at the Pendletons? the other, should he join the army, and, if so, which army?

These two questions were to be answered in the order named, for the answer to the one depended, in great measure, upon that of the other.

Hugh had been twitted in the neighborhood more than once in the last few months on account of his staying at home while the other boys had gone to the war, and by none more sharply than by sweet, witching Annie Pendleton, to whom this party was to be given by her father and mother to-night.

By the by, Hugh thought a great deal

of this young lady. In fact, he had watched her at church, at home, and at the dancing parties; had seen her gliding, gracefully, through the figures of the lancers, and he had been her partner often.

He had listened to her sweet voice as it rose and fell in melody, and filled every nook and corner of the old church. He had seen her grow up from a sweet, chubby-faced little girl into a beautiful woman. He had envied the winds that played with her brown ringlets and tossed them from her fair forehead.

He had looked into her soft, brown eyes, until he knew that he loved her. Loved her not with a passing fancy, but loved her with all his heart.

And it was a manly heart, though not as yet much tried. Nothing of that love had been spoken between them, but she knew. How could she help seeing the love that "grew" from his eyes—soulful eyes—and grown so sad of late?

The sun had sunk into peaceful rest by this time behind the hill. The beautiful, the peaceful day was dying. The shadows of the trees, induced by the rays of the full moon, had come to sport themselves in the fields.

The faithful cows, after "cupping time," were turning into the pasture. Here and there the buzz of a beetle could be heard as once more it rose to wing after having flown headlong against the rails of the fence.

It was then that Hugh climbed down from his seat on the "bars," and shaking himself as one waking from a dream, walked toward the house.

When he reached it, he found his mother standing in the porch waiting for him. Supper had been ready for some time. She had been uneasy about him for some days past.

She had noticed that he went about his work in an abstracted and unusually listless manner, and that often it was necessary to

address him more than once in order to attract his attention in conversation. She much feared that his doubts as to his leaving home and joining the army were about to be dissipated. And when he said, as he approached her, "Mother I have made up my mind to go," her cheek blanched, and her heart seemed to stand still for a moment, ere he proceeded—"to the party to-night."

Hugh Darnaby, like a great many of the "country boys" of comfortable means in that section of the State, owned a buggy and horse. In this instance the animal was a beautiful blooded bay, what is known in Kentucky as a "combined" horse, that is, he was both "gaited," trained for the saddle, and also to work in harness.

It is the first and one of the highest ambitions of most country-bred young men in the "Blue Grass" region to become the owner of a new buggy and trotter. No young man in society was fully equipped without both.

Jim, who by the by, was known also as Jim Darnaby, the colored boy about the place, being near the same age as Hugh,—a little younger perhaps, and who was very fond of Mars Hugh,—and of whom Mars Hugh was rather fond, in about an hour after “brought” the horse and buggy around to the “stiles,” and Hugh, after kissing his mother “good night,” jumped in and drove off. Many a “coon hunt” Mars Hugh and Jim had had together.

CHAPTER II.**A TYPICAL COUNTRY HOME IN KENTUCKY.**

The farm of the Pendletons was only about a mile down the road in the direction of town, and Hugh's trotter soon took him to their gate.

It was a dear old place, this home of the Pendletons. It had been in their family since not a great while after Daniel Boone came to Kentucky. It was a very typical "Old Kentucky Home," in the country, with its half dozen graceful elms in the yard.

The house stood about a quarter of a mile from the road, back in the yard, the front portion of which was dotted here and there with hardy rose bushes. The drive through the yard ran straight up alongside of the fence on one side until it made a

turn just in front of the house, which was a two-storied brick, with a long porch extending across the entire front. A wide, airy hallway, with rooms and communicating doors on either side, was one of the features of the building. To the left and in the curve formed by the turn of the driveway was a grove of locust trees, and as it wound around the house to the back premises, this drive passed between two rows of hollyhock bushes. In the back lot, through which ran a brooklet starting from a spring in the corner of the same lot, stood the negro quarters. Not so extensive were they as those seen further south, but at this time accommodating some half dozen families. Each having its little patch of garden, and some with late autumn flowers of the hardier kind growing up to their front doors. The spring house, too, stood in this lot, with its pans of cream-covered milk and its patties of fresh, sweet butter. Oh, how delightful it was to go into this spring house on a hot

summer day and drink the cool milk taken from the pan which had been half submerged in the cool water.

To-night as Hugh Darnaby drew up at the hitching rack and handed the reins to the boy waiting to attend to the horses of the guests as they arrived, he slipped a piece of money into his hand, which the boy received with a broad grin and a "thank yer, Mars Hugh."

The windows of the house were brightly lighted, and Hugh caught a glimpse of the fat old darkey cook in the kitchen through a side window, with her best and cleanest headkerchief on her head, directing "the girls," who were carrying the eatables to the dining-room. And he knew, for such was the custom on such occasions, that a bounteous repast would be spread for the guests before the night was far spent. These people had not felt the effects of the war.

The Pendletons were staunch Union

people, and old man Pendleton was very bitter against anyone who held opposite sentiments. Hugh knew this, and it added to his perplexity while endeavoring to make up his mind as to what course he should pursue. For it must be confessed that it was, in great measure, his love for Annie Pendleton, and his fear that he might lose her, that kept him vacillating between two opinions. He could not brook her contempt, which he surely would have if he stayed at home much longer, and he feared to lose her if he left, for he had reasoned thus with himself while thinking deeply intently on the matter :

“If I go with the South her father will consider me a rebel and a traitor. Perhaps she will also—and, then, all will be over between us. God knows that I have not made much of a beginning as it is toward gaining her regard. I do not like the idea of fighting to destroy the Union, for I love the old Stars and Stripes, and I think the

Union should be preserved, if possible. My father would be pleased if I should join the Federal army. I might gain distinction and come back and marry Annie, and all would be well. But, then, I love the South and the Southern people, and I believe they are right in the main, and then I cannot make up my mind to fight against them. In some important essentials the cause of the Union is righteous, the issues which brought about a culmination of affairs enlist my sympathies very strongly in that direction—at least some of them do. But there are other things which are claimed by the people of the Confederate States, the justness of which appeal to my manhood and to my love of fair play. Weighing the matter in the scale of reason the balance fails to bear down either way. My heart goes out to my own people. It is hard. Oh, it is hard to know what to do—what it is right to do. I dislike very much going against my father's wishes and judgment. The dear, old man, I love

and respect him very much indeed, and I love my brothers, and I should hate to be arrayed against them in mortal combat. . . .

"And my mother—oh, my dear mother; will she always love me? But I can hesitate no longer and keep my self respect.

"Then, leaving others to act for themselves as they think best, according to their honest convictions, and claiming the same right to think and act for myself, I will throw in my fortunes with the 'Southern people.'"

But as the thought of Annie Pendleton came to him, his heart would cry out in agony, "Oh, my love, I cannot bear to lose you."

Thus cried out the heart of Hugh Darnaby, and thus did cry out the heart of many a Kentucky lad during that trying period.

"I will speak my heart to her to-night," he said, "and she shall decide for me."

Ah! Was he weak? Judge not too

harshly you who did not live in any one of the border States at the beginning of the late war, when the opinion in regard to the merits of the causes for the great contest was very nearly evenly divided ; where many a young man, and many a middle-aged man, too, was called on to decide against father, mother, kith and kin, for what seemed to him to be right, and where the heart often bled at being called on to sever the dearest and tenderest ties for what seemed to be the demands of duty.

Oh, the strong love of the Union which bound many hearts to it, whilst the hatred of what was conceived to be oppression drove them from it.

Oh, the sense of right as to many things which bound them to it whilst the love for certain other things took them from it.

In no other part of the Union did individuals know, nor can they, even to-day, fully appreciate these mental struggles. Some were drawn by wills stronger than their own,

while others decided for themselves, taking some great principle for a beacon light and never losing sight of it.

But it is passed. The terrible ordeal is over, and we will not stop to attempt to argue a dead issue.

Poor Hugh. His heart was passing through the fire. Now, however, his immediate business was to get himself, as soon as possible, divested of his wraps, having ascended to the chamber on the second floor of the Pendleton mansion which was dedicated to the use of the male guests on this particular night.

He very soon came down into the parlor, where already dancing had begun. As he entered, bowing to this acquaintance and to that one, his eyes sought the one of whom his thoughts were full.

Ah! What a vision of loveliness met his gaze as it rested on her. There, gracefully moving to the gliding step of one of Strauss' waltzes, was Annie Pendleton.

The flush of excitement and exercise was on her cheek. The brightness of perfect enjoyment was in her eye. The beautiful brown ringlets were dancing around her fair forehead. Nothing in all that Ingleside was fairer to look upon than that country girl. No smile was sweeter or more witching. No look so bright.

The little cupids seemed to chase each other from the corners of her mouth, and to play hide-and-seek among her brown tresses.

Ah! Those lovely, soft, loving brown eyes. They were sparkling now with enjoyment, but they could be very confiding, trusting, loving. There was a soul that looked from those eyes and told of thoughts, at times, deep down beneath the surface. Nevertheless they could flash fire when some story of wrong was told to her or enacted in her presence. Then, again, they could be very tender when she listened to some tale of sorrow.

Shall I confess it? I am an old, staid,

plodding personage. I love a brown eye—
a soft, brown eye. The heavenly blue of
some eyes have been extolled ; their beauty
has been sung by poets from time im-
memorial. But, after all, for me, give me
the soulful brown eye. Give me the pathos
which lies in it ; the love, the unspeakable
love which beams from it ; the kindliness
which indicates the soul beneath.

CHAPTER III.

THE DANCE AT PENDLETON'S.

Hugh Darnaby loved brown eyes, too, especially those of Annie Pendleton, and as she caught his glance in whirling by she bowed in recognition, with her most witching smile, and he thought that a man might do great things for her sake. At the same time a pang of jealousy shot through his heart, for what was his surprise to see her form supported through the waltz on the arm of a handsome young man in the uniform of an United States soldier.

Yes, he was handsome—Hugh had to acknowledge that. This young lieutenant was a temporary guest of the Pendleton household, and had claimed the honor of the first waltz with the fair young daughter of his host.

The blue uniform and the brass buttons,

as well as his shoulder straps, at once indicated his rank, and revealed the cause to which he had offered his services. He was the son of an old friend and college mate of Mr. Pendleton now living in Indiana, and happening to be passing through the State on his way to join his command at the front, and having a few days to spare, he had come to pay a short visit to his father's old friend. Hugh stood watching the couple. Both were good waltzers, and the very poetry of motion seemed to be exemplified in their movements. Suddenly recollecting himself, he walked into the rear parlor and spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Pendleton, who gave him a warm welcome, for their families were very friendly at that time.

"Well, Hugh," said Mr. Pendleton, "I am glad to see you. You see that Mrs. Pendleton and myself are watching the young people enjoy themselves. Well, well, we are young only once in our lives, so you must go and make the best of it with the rest.

You must not keep some particular maiden's heart in suspense by standing too long talking to the 'old folks.' "

Mrs. Pendleton gave him her welcome, too, inquiring concerning his mother's health. Hugh then passed on; but he did not immediately join the dancers. He went unnoticed up to the retiring room, and sat there smoking a cigar in silence for half an hour. He was a little bit sullen, as well as silent for awhile. He was somewhat jealous of the young officer, for he was not, as yet, much of a man of the world. At the end of that time a different mood took possession of him, and hot and flushed with the fever of jealousy and a kind of resentment, he went back into the parlor.

Once there he sought out and spoke to Annie Pendleton, and asked her for the next dance. She was engaged to dance with the young lieutenant again. A hot rush of blood to his face was the only indication, outwardly, of the tide of bitter feeling

which now filled his heart. He merely bowed and said, "I am unfortunate this evening, Miss Pendleton."

She noticed the huskiness in his voice as he said it, and she felt sorry for him, for she surmised what the trouble was.

But then she thought, "Why should he feel annoyed? He had no more right to expect that she would reserve a dance for him than any one else. She was in no way bound to him. Why, indeed, should she care if he seemed hurt and disappointed?"

She had a tender, sympathizing, little heart, nevertheless. And then she had fancied that Hugh did care a good deal about her, and, to tell the truth, she was not altogether indifferent to him. She had begun lately to like his straightforward, honest nature very much. She thought to herself that she did care just a little bit that he should feel hurt.

But what could she do? It was noticed that for the balance of the evening Hugh

Darnaby was the most untiring dancer in the room. He even became brilliant in his conversation. And he did something he had never done before—he flirted promiscuously with most of the girls present and with whom he danced to an unprecedented extent. Usually he was rather quiet and dignified, even on such occasions as this, and, therefore, his present mood and actions were noted and remarked upon by more than one person.

With the flush of feverish excitement on his cheek he entered into the dancing with a reckless, devil-may-care abandon, foreign to his nature.

When the invitation came to the guests to walk into the dining-room where the refreshments were ready on the table, he noticed that the young lieutenant “went in” with Annie Pendleton; so he offered his escort to the next loveliest girl in the company, Florence Grigsby. And no lady present was waited on with more assiduous care than

she. While partaking of the repast, conversation flowed on in various channels until a subject was broached which checked his volubility, at least for a time.

"Annie Pendleton is looking lovely to-night. Don't you think so, Mr. Darnaby?" said Florence. "And isn't Lieutenant Gray handsome? They make a fine looking couple, and he seems to appreciate the fact." Florence Grigsby wanted to tease Hugh, but she had no idea that the shaft she had sent flying was striking as deep as it was.

The young soldier was the lion of the hour. Evidently the brass buttons had carried the day with the girls, and it seemed to Hugh that Annie in particular had been vanquished by them.

Of course, all this was somewhat unreasonable on his part. Lieutenant Gray was the guest of the house, and was, of course, entitled to more than ordinary attention from every member of the household.

If Hugh had not have been jealously in

love he would have fully appreciated this. He would have known that the particular attentions of Annie Pendleton to Lieutenant Gray, which seemed so marked to him, need not mean anything more than common politeness. But Hugh thought, disconsolately, that if he wished to have any chance at all of winning Miss Pendleton he must become a soldier.

In this particular mood he again retired to the dressing-room and sat alone, torn by conflicting thoughts and emotions. Before he left the room again his determination was taken. He would go to the war and he would go with the South. If Annie would not love him she should at least respect him.

Such were his thoughts and such was his determination, and nothing could now shake or change him in his course. Returning to the parlor he saw Annie Pendleton standing, for the moment, speaking to her mother. Hugh's feelings were somewhat toned down

by this time. He had had time to reflect, and although a feeling of pique and resentment still filled his breast on account of the cool treatment which he conceived that he had received from her, he could not bear the idea of going away without saying a word to her; without, at least, having a last dance with her. He argued that he might never see her again, and if it so happened that he did, she might then be the wife of Lieutenant Gray.

He went immediately over to where she stood and said, "Miss Pendleton, am I interrupting?"

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Darnaby," she replied; "I was only resting for a few moments."

"And," said he, "are you too tired to give me this last waltz?"

"No," she answered, "I am not too tired. I will waltz with you with pleasure."

As they moved away he said, "I wished particularly to have this waltz, because we

have not danced together to-night, and because it may be the last we shall ever have together."

Turning those brown eyes of hers up to his, she asked: "Why so?"

It is rather difficult to carry on a protracted conversation while waltzing, so he only answered, "When the waltz is over, if you will go with me to the library, I will tell you. This much now, I am going away."

And then the waltz began. As I have said it was no time for connected conversation, and Hugh gave himself up to the pleasure of the moment. He would not let himself think of anything else. His arm was around her waist, and drawing her to him he could have wished that the waltz would last forever. But everything in this life must come to an end, even the most pleasurable. In fact, it would seem that the most pleasurable are the fleetest.

Presently the strains of the music ceased

and the last waltz was over, and Hugh Darnaby was leading Annie Pendleton to a room across the hall from the parlor. She wished to hear something of his plan for going away, and as he had promised more information in regard to his intention, she made no objection to leaving the parlor with him.

Said he, as they passed across the hall, "I thought that you would like to rest for a few moments, and I wished to say good-by to you, and to tell you where and why I am going away, if you care to hear."

Said she in reply, "You know, Mr. Darnaby, that if you are going away for any length of time, I should wish to bid you good-by, and I shall listen to anything you choose to tell me in regard to your plans with pleasure, provided I am not kept too long from my guests."

"I shall not detain you long, Miss Annie," said he.

"Perhaps," she remarked, "you are go-

ing to the war? In which event we girls will lose a very agreeable escort, and you know they are in demand in these days."

"Will you take this chair near the window?" said he, at the same time seating himself in the window sill, which was set in a little recess in the wall.

He then resumed: "Yes, I am going into the army, and I asked you to come out here to tell you so and to say farewell, for we may never meet again. Of course, I cannot expect you to feel in this matter as I do; you are not going to leave father, mother, kith and kin, and all. You are not about to sever the tenderest ties as I am about to do. You are not about to take a step which would probably blast a very dear hope, only a hope, though one which had grown very dear to you."

"Mr. Darnaby," said she, as he paused, "I don't understand you exactly; but," continued she testily, "if I had such grave reasons for not becoming a soldier as you

seem to have I most certainly would not become one."

At the time her voice was toned to a very perceptible pitch of scorn. Hugh did not fail to notice it and hasten to exclaim that she seemed to mistake the motive for his hesitancy.

"If Miss Pendleton will but hear me for a moment longer I shall endeavor to have her understand my hesitancy about joining the army.

"I must acknowledge that it is a very serious matter with me. In the first place I am going to take a step that will perhaps place a gulf between my own father and myself. My mother's dear heart will bleed at what she will consider, no doubt, the blind folly and disobedience of her own child. Then, again, I shall lose the regard and esteem of your father, which I should be very reluctant to do, because I love his only daughter very, very much, and had hoped in time to win some return. Yes, Annie

Pendleton, I do love you, and have loved you from the time we were children together. I have never spoken to you on the subject before, because I did not feel that the time had come for so doing, and then as time went on and you grew to be so beautiful I began to see how little I had to offer in return for what I might ask, or to give in return for what I might be so fortunate as to receive. But now I could not go away without speaking.

“I did feel hurt and wounded to-night when you did not dance with me, and I felt that there was no place in your heart for me. I would ask you now if you could not love me a little; but, in honesty to you and to myself, I must tell you, though I suppose you have guessed already, that I am going South.

“It seems that what I am going to do is the right thing for me to do, and therefore the only manly course left. Perhaps now you can divine, partly, at least, why I have

stayed at home so long, allowing others to go before. I know that cowardly motives have been attributed to me, and when you have sometimes twitted me as a stay-at-home it has cut me like a knife. And now if you don't love me it seems as if you should at least respect my reasons for the step that I am about to take, and also my reasons for hesitating so long."

She was much surprised; not greatly at his declaration of love, but at his announcement that he intended to join the Confederate army. She knew that Hugh Darnaby loved her before he had spoken, for he had shown it in many ways, almost unconsciously to himself perhaps, but understood by her nevertheless. Therefore, as I have said, she was not so much surprised that he should have spoken at this time on that subject. But, knowing his family to be Union people, and that two of his brothers were already in the Federal army, she naturally supposed that he held the same views politically as

they did. She was an earnest, thoughtful little woman on occasion, as well as a bright and honest one ; and honesty and candor in any one else met with appreciation from her. Still she hesitated, and he finally asked : "Have you nothing to say to me?"

She answered by asking a question of him, "What shall I say, Mr. Darnaby? You have certainly taken me by surprise."

"Then, do you mean to say," interrupted he, "that you never suspected my attachment for you? But perhaps you may love some one else. If so, forgive me for speaking of my love. You may hate me for being a rebel, and this may be an unfortunate time for urging my suit. Has my determination and the confession of it to you made a difference in my standing in your esteem?"

And thus she answered him : "It certainly does make a difference, Mr. Darnaby, but not to the extent that you seem to infer."

"Then," interrupted he again, "you do love me, or rather you might have given me

some hope had my decision been different. Is that it? At least you do not despise me. Say this much at any rate."

"I was going to say," replied she, "that I respect you and your convictions, for I believe that you are honest; that you believe that you are doing right. I was disposed to be offended when you asked me if I loved any one else, but I see you asked from a proper motive, and I will answer you truthfully. I do not love any one else in the way in which you mean."

Then he drew closer to her and took her hand, which she did not seem to notice, and cried out in a suppressed voice, "Can you, will you, love me? Annie, my whole heart goes out to you. My darling, give me your love, and then whatever befalls me I can stand it."

And then he continued vehemently, "I do not love you with a sudden fancy, for this love for you has grown as I grew, and has strengthened with my manhood. Every fibre

of my being thrills responsive to thoughts of you. I feel that the life which I have lived here has been very narrow, very unworthy to offer to you to share with me, but if you love me I know that I can widen its compass, that I can do things worthy in some degree of such a blessing. Do you bid me stay?"

"No," she hastened to interrupt, "I do not bid you stay. God forbid that I should ever attempt to keep a man from doing that which he conceived to be his duty; that I should ever endeavor to turn him from that which he had convinced himself to be the right thing to do." And catching something of his enthusiasm and intensity of feeling, she continued: "If my love would keep you from acting a manly part it would not be worth having. You were better without it. You know my father's strong convictions and his prejudices if you will Hugh, and that he would never countenance what you ask. I am not indifferent to you but I cannot give you my love now."

"Oh, Annie," he cried, "it is hard, but you have shown me plainer than ever where my duty lies. I will not urge you now, but oh, when the war is over, no matter who is conquerer, then—then will you let me seek you once again?"

And, as he drew her to him once again, she whispered, "Yes, Hugh, for I love you even now."

Just at this moment a voice was heard calling for Miss Annie. It was Lieutenant Gray claiming her for the last dance—the Virginia reel. And Hugh Darnaby, hastily releasing her and whispering good-by darling, stooped to pick up a pink bow which had fallen to the floor. This he placed in his pocket—no jealousy now—and as he did so Lieutenant Gray entered the room.

CHAPTER IV.

HUGH BIDS HIS MOTHER FAREWELL AND LEAVES
FOR THE ARMY.

It was with a sad heart, and yet a lighter one, that Hugh went home that night. The moon, which was still brightly shining high up in the heavens, seemed to smile on him. And the very night air whispered to him pleasant fancies.

When he reached home he found that the back door of the house had been left unlocked, and that there was a lamp on the table in the hall burning low for him. He also found that his mother was still up and waiting.

She wished to have a serious talk with him. She had felt for some time that she must speak again soon or it would be too late, and to-night she had had a kind of a presentiment that things in relation to her son's

future movements were about to culminate. So she met Hugh in the hall and said to him: "My son, step into the dining-room, I wish to have a talk with you."

"Certainly, mother," said he, "I will bring the lamp." And taking a seat he began: "And now what is it, mother dear? It must be something serious which keeps you up so late. Have you heard anything very naughty about me which you want to scold me for?"

He spoke this jestingly, at the same time he felt that he could make a pretty shrewd guess as to what the subject was which she would broach.

"No, my son," she answered, "I have not heard anything bad about you, but I have seen that you have been troubled very much lately and I think I know what it has been about. Now you should confide in your mother, for you will never have a better friend. You know that I love you, my boy, and that you will have my sympathy in whatever concerns you. I think that you

are making your plans to leave us ; am I not right ? ”

“ Well, mother,” he replied, “ perhaps I should have confided my troubles to you, for possibly you could have saved me a great deal of worry. But would not this have been a very selfish course to pursue ? I did not wish to grieve you, and if I say now that you have guessed rightly I am afraid that I shall do so. But it cannot be helped now and I must be candid with you. I am going into the army, and I go to-morrow. I had intended to go without telling you, only leaving a note to explain my sudden departure. I did hate to leave without your blessing, mother, still I fear I was not altogether certain that I should obtain it after you knew all. And even now I hardly know how to tell you the rest. I cannot expect much consideration from father. I don’t think that he would appreciate my earnest conviction in this matter, for it is hard even now for him to consider me anything but a

boy. And I was afraid that he might say things which I could not listen to calmly, and that I might be led to retort in such manner as that I should regret for the balance of my life. So I thought it best not to tell any one here that I was going to the Confederate army."

"My son! Oh, my son," cried the mother, "you will certainly break your father's heart; mine is already broken. And your brothers, what will they think of you? Oh, my son, why will you do it?"

And the poor lady broke down utterly and sobbed as if her heart were breaking indeed. The reference to what his brothers would think of his course roused all the antagonism in Hugh's nature, and he answered hastily, "I do not care what they think so long as I feel that I am right." But seeing the great sorrow in his mother's eyes, he finished thus: "I do care very much what you care and think, my mother. Consideration for your feelings in this matter has

been one of the chief reasons for my hesitancy, and fear of your displeasure one of the greatest impediments in the way towards making up my mind as to what I should do. It was because of my love for you that I have stayed at home so long. But now, mother, dear, I must go ; I think that it is right ; that it is my duty to do so. I would not be any son of yours or of my father's either if I hesitated longer. Mother, won't you at least give me your blessing ? With it I can do what I conceive to be right ; without it I should feel miserable and could only half fulfil my destiny. With a mother's discernment she saw that his decision had indeed been made, and she understood him well enough to know that even if out of love for her he were to remain at home, he would be self-abased and ashamed to raise his head among his associates. And she dried her tears and her love conquered. She understood and respected his wish to do what seemed right to him, even though she

differed with him. She was a woman of strong character and justly balanced mind. She took her boy's head upon her lap and brushed his hair back from his temples with her fingers, which had been wont so often to soothe his boyish troubles, and spoke soothing words to him, for he had fallen upon his knees before her and was sobbing out his heart like a boy. As she passed her hand over his brow great beads of perspiration, which had been drawn to the surface by the agony of the inward struggle which was racking him, moistened her slender fingers. They remained in this attitude for some little time, and then she spoke. "If you think it right my poor boy you must go. Yes, go; and take my blessing, a mother's blessing with you, and whatever befalls you remember always that I am thinking of you, and praying for you and for your safety. I would rather that your decision might have been different, but you are a man now and must judge for yourself."

Presently she continued, "Probably you had better not mention your intentions to your father. And now, good-night, my boy, and may God bless and keep you."

"Good-by, mother," he cried, "I thank you for your kind words, and I shall not forget them. Ask father to forgive me if he can. And, mother, tell her—tell Annie Pendleton that at least she shall not be ashamed to acknowledge that she has ever known Hugh Darnaby."

And the mother understood that he was making another great sacrifice on the altar of duty.

He went upstairs to his bed-room—he did not want a light—and she saw him enter his door, and she sighed half inaudibly, "My poor boy, my latest born, they have taken them all."

Hugh walked the floor until within an hour before daybreak, when overcome by mental exhaustion he threw himself on his bed without removing his clothing, and fell into a deep sleep.

Jim was surprised next morning to see his young master walk into the stable yard shortly after daylight, and at receiving the order to saddle his master's horse, Joe, immediately. Wondering, the negro obeyed the order, and in a few minutes Hugh was mounted and ready to start. Taking the bridle reins into his hands he leaned over the horse's side and said, "Good-by, Jim, I am going away for a few days, perhaps longer. You have been a good boy to me. Take this to remember me by," and he handed Jim a new crisp five-dollar bill, "and don't forget me."

"Say, Mars Hugh," said Jim, coming close to the horse's side and taking the money, at the same time thanking him for it, "Say, Mars Hugh, I s'picious whar' you's gwine, cause I done seed dat you was troubled in you' mind, and I 'lowed dat Mars Tom and Mars Geoge neber went way dis way. An' I don keer whar you is gwine, I knows you wants somebody to take keer of

Joe. An'—an' I wants ter ax yer to take me wid yer."

"No, Jim," answered Hugh, "I must go without you this time. You must stay here and help to take care of the place until I come back."

"Good-by, den, Mars Hugh, Jim ain' gwine ter furgit yer," and the boy turned away toward the stable to hide the tears which were standing thick in his honest eyes, and ready to roll down his shiny black cheeks. As he moved on shaking his head mournfully, Hugh rode away toward the front gate. He paused as he opened it, and casting his eye up in the direction of the house, saw his mother standing at one of the upper windows. He threw a kiss to her as he rode through the gate. She waved her handkerchief at him, and then he was gone.

Hugh carried this picture, the last glance at his old home and the last glimpse of his mother, with him through many long and eventful days.

He took the road leading to town, and passing Mr. Pendleton's house he stopped hesitatingly. He had hoped against hope that he might catch a glimpse of Annie, but it was too early in the morning. Besides he had not told her what time of day he would leave or she might have seen him for a few minutes; but now she was sleeping peacefully after the excitement and fatigue of the night before.

He saw two or three of the servants moving about the house and that was all. Then putting spurs to his horse he was in an instant being borne along as if on the wings of the wind, and very soon the town was in sight, speed was slackened, and the noble animal he bestrode was given a short breathing spell.

One of the negro girls who waited on Miss Annie said that morning while putting her young mistress' room to rights, "Sam say he seed Mars Hugh Darnaby goin' by early dis mornin' like somthin' wus arter him.

Wonder wus some on um sick down 'ter Mars Darnaby's? Sam say Mars Hugh wus ridin Joe, an dat Joe got ter be mighty good hoss ter keep up dat gait ve'y long."

And Annie Pendleton knew now that Hugh Darnaby had gone sure enough, and she also remembered her promise to him.

CHAPTER V.

MR. PENDLETON AND MR. DARNABY LEAVE HOME
AT THE APPROACH OF THE CONFEDERATES.

Hugh Darnaby, among the few young men, comparatively speaking, and really forming the exceptions to the general rule at that time and in that part of the country, had had a collegiate education. He had delved to some extent into the mysteries of higher mathematics. Even the Odes of Horace were not altogether unfamiliar to him, and he greatly appreciated the beauties of Moore and of Burns. He had actually read "Miles Standish," and had learned to love the gentle but wise Puritan maid Priscilla, and he did not blame her for marrying John Alden. In fact, he had had a good education, and had read to some advantage since his college days were over; and I be-

lieve this is making a very fair showing for a Kentucky bred young man of those days.

Early as it was when he reached town he was soon joined by a couple of other young men, his acquaintances, who were prepared to start for the same destination, and without further delay they rode off together. Each had left his home that morning, left friends, but neither of the others had had such a hard wrench in so doing as Hugh.

They traveled for several days in a south-westerly direction, stopping at intervals at the different farm houses which they encountered for rest and food. Finally they reached —, where they enlisted and where they were assigned to certain commands.

It is not our province to follow the individual fortunes of any of this party further for the present. Suffice it to say that it was not long before they crossed the Tennessee line, and were engaged pretty

actively in the hostilities which were of frequent occurrence in the Departments of the Tennessee and Cumberland for several months afterwards.

Our friend, Hugh Darnaby, was appointed sergeant of his company soon after joining it; this much was known some time afterwards, and this much, in some mysterious manner, reached the ears of Annie Pendleton.

Mrs. Darnaby was not her usual self, even apparently, for some time after Hugh went away. In fact, she had a spell of sickness, and required perfect rest and quiet for some weeks. After that she went about her household duties as usual.

Hugh's father was very angry at first upon learning of his son's departure. After awhile he was much grieved; but being a just man for all that, and loving his son as much as any other father he would not allow anyone to say anything against Hugh or to criticise his action in his presence. Mr. Pendleton, being one of the oldest friends of the

Darnabys, undertook one day to speak of and to condole with Mr. Darnaby at what he considered the undutiful conduct of Hugh in going against the known wishes of his father and of his best friends. Mr. Darnaby justified his son's action from Hugh's standpoint. Mr. Pendleton became excited and told Mr. Darnaby that he considered him a curious Union man when he could thus condone the fact of anyone's becoming a rebel. Then it was that Mr. Darnaby became excited also, and the result was that the two old friends exchanged some very uncomplimentary epithets, and a coolness sprang up between the families from that time.

The fact was that Mr. Pendleton was, though a very kind-hearted man naturally, a very excitable and quick-tempered one, and was apt to do and say things when under the influence of excitement which his cooler judgment would never have permitted him to have said or done. He was, nevertheless, very strong and uncompro-

missing in his opinions, and being of this temperament and a strong Union sympathizer he was often led into indiscretions which made him a prominent mark for the possible future retaliatory measures on the part of those who still hoped and looked for the extension of the Confederate power in the State. In those troublous times it was safer for a man who remained at home to put a guard on his speech and actions, for there were those who, in order to accomplish personal revenge, would stop short of nothing. In the excited and unsettled state of affairs which is always found in any country in time of war, and especially in that part of it which is very near to the scene of actual hostilities, the worst element in society is sure to become prominent, and the worst side of individual character is free to show itself.

Life was frequently taken unnecessarily, sometimes wantonly, in Kentucky during those days, and many were the homes

which were broken up—some temporarily, others permanently—in order that a place of greater safety might be found in which to dwell in peace.

It was during the early part of the next year that affairs began to look somewhat gloomy for the Union cause in Kentucky. Already roving bands of Confederate soldiers were to be seen and met with in unfrequented places, making their way slowly northward, or hiding around through the country and committing depredations of various kinds on those who did not sympathize with their cause.

The seriousness of the war had already impressed itself on the minds of the people of all sections of the country. They now saw that it was no child's play in which they were engaged. The boast of the North that the Confederacy would be wiped out in three months had ceased to find echo in the newspapers of the day, and the Southerners had found out that one of them could not whip a half dozen "Yankees."

Things had settled down to a regular war basis, and a few months later the armies of Buell and of Bragg began their celebrated race through the State of Kentucky. And as the race continued the scattering bands and smaller detachments of the Confederate army began to spread out to the eastward and to the westward. It became more and more unsafe for Union sympathizers to remain at home, and especially those who had been as outspoken in their denunciations of the rebels and as demonstrative in their actions as Mr. Pendleton had been.

Very soon the people of the "Blue Grass" country began to experience many of the inconveniences and sufferings consequent upon the actual presence of armed and often hostile forces. Mr. Pendleton stood his ground a good while, as the enemy approached, hiding his best horses at night in the smoke-house and cellar, and in the daytime, at the first sign of approaching soldiers, behind clumps of thick-growing

bushes. On one or two occasions when the danger seemed to be particularly imminent, he hid his favorite riding horse in one of the lower rooms of the house, and covered the floor with straw so that the stamping of the hoofs could not be heard.

But, finally, after his life had been threatened more than once, through the entreaties of his wife and daughter, as well as by the advice of friends, he left the country and moved with his family to Indiana, and established himself in a small town just across the Ohio river.

And at last Mr. Darnaby, in common with many others, was compelled to leave home. He went to Louisville, leaving his wife with a maiden sister and the servants to keep things about the place in as good order as possible, until such time as the exigencies of the times might permit him to return.

In order to protect herself and family from personal violence Mrs. Darnaby provided herself with a revolver and began practicing

shooting at a target set up in the yard. And soon she became quite proficient in the use of the weapon. The revolver was kept conveniently at hand during her husband's absence.

If one had made it a subject of investigation during those war times he would have found that a great many Kentucky ladies had become more or less proficient in the use of this weapon. Not that they were then, nor are they now, more bloodthirsty or warlike than the women of any other State in the Union, but because, almost invariably, the female portion of the family was left to provide for its own safety, temporarily at least, as all the men able to bear arms had gone into the army on one side or the other.

CHAPTER VI.

MORGAN'S RAIDERS VISIT THE DARNABY PLACE.

One afternoon during this summer a party of about a hundred Confederate cavalry came sweeping through the the country, reconnoitering, foraging, and replacing the horses too badly used up to be of further use to them, and it was soon evident to the members of the Darnaby household that a visit was about to be made to them, for when they reached the gate opening from the main road into the Darnaby place about one-half the number turned in through the gate and the rest passed on.

This detachment went immediately to the pasture back of the stable lot, on one side of which lay a field of corn upon the stalks of which the luscious roasting ears were full of milky sap, and began to unsaddle and picket their horses.

It was evident that they intended to stop a while at least with their somewhat unwilling hostess.

By this time the negroes on the place, frightened until the ashen hue began to spread over and mingle with the black of their faces, were running—some of them to the big house, others to the bushes—for they believed “the rebels” would certainly kill them if they caught them. Some of the mothers snatched up their babies and ran with them tightly clasped in their arms, others, forgetting the motherly instinct, left their children wherever they happened to be and fled without them.

Even the two white ladies of the family were sufficiently well frightened, for they had never seen a live armed rebel face to face before.

Mrs. Darnaby watched the soldiers some minutes, and then saying to her sister “come with me,” she took her revolver in her hand and started down towards the gate opening into the stablelot.

The sister followed close behind her, and Jim followed the sister. As they progressed one or two of the negro women plucked up courage enough to join the procession in Jim's rear ; and several of the pickaninnies ran to their mothers in line, thus making quite a formidable looking party for the advance against the enemy.

As the little garrison reached the fence between the stable lot and the pasture a number of the soldiers came to meet them, and a parley immediately began. Mrs. Darnaby addressed one of the soldiers and asked him to what command he belonged and what was the object of their visit. He replied that they belonged to Morgan's command, and that a good many of their number were recruits, principally from around Lexington ; it being one of the main objects of the present expedition to add recruits to their ranks.

"Then," said Mrs. Darnaby, "you are Kentuckians, and know how to treat ladies when you meet them, and especially when

they are entirely unprotected ? ” The young man replied that he hoped that they had not forgotten how to treat ladies, though there were often long intervals between the times when they had the opportunity to prove themselves gentlemen to the fair sex. However, he told her that they must have feed for their horses, and asked if she could furnish the men with something to eat. Mrs. Darnaby, thinking that it was probably the best policy to accede to these requests with as good grace as possible, told them to help themselves to what feed they could find for their horses, and that if they would wait a very short time she would have something prepared for them to eat of whatever was in the house, and that in as far as it went they were welcome to it. And as she said this she was thinking of her own rebel boy, and hoping that some one would treat him as well if he was ever in such need.

She then returned to the house with her supporting party and had the fire built in

the kitchen stove, and the two white women, two colored women, and Jim, went to work cooking corn bread, wheat pones, and fat meat on top of the stove, and boiling coffee as fast as they could. By this time the kitchen was full of hungry soldiers—soldiers ravenously hungry—so hungry indeed that they would hardly wait until the bread was even partially browned before they would grab it off of the stove and fairly gulp it down.

The soldiers did not go into the sleeping apartments, but wandered in and out of the other parts of the house and over the yard and premises at will. A good many of them found their way into the vegetable garden and orchard, where they learned that the young onions and green apples were especially palatable to them.

The cooking continued until after dark when the soldiers seemed to be satisfied; at least they left the house and went into camp. Those who had been supplying the rations

were completely worn out, and sought their beds as soon as possible, and slept soundly until morning without further incident.

Bright and early they were up and at work again in the kitchen, anticipating more visitors for breakfast. Nor were they disappointed in this expectation. Whilst Mrs. Darnaby and the two colored women were preparing the food, her sister went to straighten up the room in which the two had slept during the night. Being thus occupied she heard a bugle call, but did not pay any particular attention to it, as she supposed it was only calling the soldiers from their slumbers. Presently, however, she was startled, as she stopped for a moment to look out of the window, and saw two men carrying a third man between them, and his head was drooping and blood was dripping from his leg. They approached the house and came up the back stairway with their burden. She immediately came out into the upper back porch, and, leaning over the

railing, saw that one of the men was wounded, and she called to the men for them to bring him up to the boys' room. This they did, and soon had him laid comfortably on the bed.

"Miss," said one of the men, "you must not be frightened; this boy was accidentally shot in the leg while taking his gun out of a wagon which was standing in the yard. He is not much hurt, and if you can get us a piece of rag and some water we will have him all right in a few minutes." She found some linen for them, and also furnished some pins to the extemporized surgeons, and they soon had the wound bound up and had thanked the lady for her aid and complimented her for her bravery. But just as they had made the wounded man as comfortable as he could be under the circumstances, shots were heard ringing out on the early morning air, and the shrill notes of the bugle again sounded, calling the soldiers to horse. And as the two men jumped from

the room a troop of cavalry in "Blue" were seen galloping down the road and through the front gate. There was no time to lose; the wounded man must be abandoned. One of the men, as he dashed past Miss Beall, cried, "Good-by, Miss; take care of the boy; he has just joined us."

Very soon, in fact almost as quickly as if done by a miracle, the whole place was free of rebel soldiers and the Federals were to be seen everywhere. Some of these latter came into the house on a run, and clattered upstairs. Of course, they came finally to the boy's room, which was situated in the rear of the house, and found the wounded man there. They immediately demanded of him that he should surrender, and one of his captors threatened to shoot him, and he looked very much like he intended to carry his threat into execution. At least Miss Beall thought so, for, as quick as lightning, she jumped between the muzzle of the gun and the prisoner, with eyes blazing, and cry-

ing, "Don't you dare shoot, you coward!" The man lowered his gun and then an officer came on the scene and the wounded Confederate was made a regular prisoner of war. He was not very badly hurt, and in a few days was able to walk about with the aid of a crutch, and then he was paroled. So virtually ended this young man's military career, at least in so far as Miss Beall ever knew.

A portion of the Federal detachment went in pursuit of the rebels, and a few remained long enough to partake of the meal prepared for the "Johnnies."

Mrs. Darnaby found out during the day that some of her preserves were missing, and that her husband's riding horse had disappeared.

CHAPTER VII.

TOM DARNABY'S RIDE.

As we have said Hugh had two brothers in the Federal army, and Tom, the eldest, now wore the shoulder straps of a lieutenant, and was with Buell's army.

Lieutenant Thomas Darnaby had left a sweetheart behind when he had enlisted, but had taken her promise with him, and now as he approached that portion of the State in which was his home and hers he bethought him that he would obtain a furlough for a couple of days and go and see his mother and his lady love. They lived not far apart, for she was none other than Florence Grigsby, with whom we have had some slight acquaintance already.

It was about this time that a temporary lull occurred in the activity of the Union

troops stationed at or near the town of ———.

The noise and clatter of actual warfare was somewhat distantly removed from the immediate vicinity of this community.

The hot sun shone down upon fields of fast ripening grain, for the farmers had succeeded in putting in moderately fair-sized crops, with the help of the negroes and the younger boys, members of the family.

The stillness of the air was only broken by the roll of the drums as they sounded the reveille, or beat "taps" in the camps at bed time; or by the shrill call of the bugle from the quarters of the cavalry. It was a time when the dividing line between the country claimed by the opposing hosts was of a dubious nature and somewhat vacillating.

In consequence, that portion of the State was filled with small and generally moving bodies of troops from either the Federal or Confederate army.

The railroad towns were mostly occupied

by the Union troops, while the Confederates were forced to content themselves with scattering through the country and making occasional sorties upon the smaller towns and dashes at the railroad bridges.

It sometimes happened that the Federals having heard of the whereabouts of a party of rebels made incursions into the country in the hope of capturing them, and thus it was that frequent little fights would take place—sometimes not resulting in the loss of a single life, at other times, alas, some poor fellow being called to his last account. A good many of the Confederates were the boys from the country round about, who taking advantage of the fact of the comparative proximity of their respective commands had come home on a visit.

Some came to see the old folks, others had sweethearts whom they wished to see, others needed fresh horses and clothing, and still others hoped to obtain a good square meal. At any rate here they were. Tom

Darnaby reached town one day when things were in the condition above described, and after resting an hour or so determined to ride out home, take supper with his mother, and then go over and call on Florence Grigsby.

His bravery had been put to the test and was beyond question ; in fact, he was considered rather too daring in his command.

Now the lieutenant was a splendid rider and had been furnished with a good, compactly built, mettlesome horse ; so that afternoon, buckling on his sabre, putting his pistols into the holsters attached to his saddle, and donning his best uniform and high-topped boots, he mounted his horse and started.

Everything had been quiet for some days. Not a rebel had been seen or heard of for a week at least, and he had the promise of a very pleasant and peaceful visit. He had plenty of time to spare and so rode leisurely along, admiring the loveliness of the country through which his course lay.

It is very pleasant to travel along these "turn-pike" roads, especially in the cool of the evening, to let the fresh breeze which springs up from the motion made in riding fan the brow. Anon, to rest beneath the shade of some noble forest tree which stands on the side of the road, to let the eye rove over the vast expanse of green grass and tree and shrub, and then to move on and drink in the sweet, seductive aroma of the atmosphere.

Who can tell what thoughts came to Tom Darnaby as he rode along. Dream no doubt he did; dreams not altogether warlike. At any rate he arrived safely at home, had a glad meeting with his mother, and then a pleasant meal. Afterwards he remounted his horse and rode over to Mr. Grigsby's, intending to return and remain during the night at his own home.

We shall not describe the meeting between Miss Grigsby and himself, nor shall we even surmise what subjects were mentioned be-

tween them, nor what promises were made or renewed, nor shall we tell how quickly the hours sped until it was time for the young man to leave. Suffice it to say it was quite late when he took his departure. The usual adieux were exchanged, and he again remounted his horse and was soon nearing the gate which opened onto the public road. There was a stone fence dividing the yard from the road, and just as the young soldier bent over to raise the gate latch a voice sounded from within the shadow of the fence, "Surrender ; you are my prisoner."

Taken by surprise Tom hesitated for an instant, then gaining his presence of mind and having no thought of surrender, he drew one of his pistols in a flash and leveling it at the head of his would-be captor, who could be plainly seen now, pulled the trigger. At the same time he plunged the rowels of his spurs deep into the flanks of the animal which he was riding. The horse, maddened by the pain inflicted, reared just as the re-

ports of two pistol shots rang out on the night air. Tom's assailant had fired at the same time that he had. The rearing of the horse prevented either shot from taking effect. A quick jerk of the reins now headed the animal again to the road, and another plunge of the spurs into his sides sent him like a cannon ball at the stone fence. Over he went carrying his rider with him safely into the road, when he was immediately headed in the direction of town. But now the young officer sees that he is surrounded by at least a dozen enemies. What shall he do? As quick as thought he fires again, throws the weapon away, draws his sabre and plunges the spurs yet again into his steed, from whose sides the blood was spurt-ing now. The noble animal, mad beyond control, leapt at the line of men drawn up across the road, crushes past them, and is gone on the wings of the wind. All this was over in a few seconds of time, and Tom Darnaby, whose blood was up now, after

cutting and slashing at the nearest as he was carried past, was looking back and yelling defiance as he widened the distance between them. His defiance was answered by "the rebel yell," and by several shots sent after him. Some of the "rebs" threw themselves upon their horses and gave pursuit. All were good riders and all were well mounted, and now commenced one of the most exciting races on record.

Kentucky is noted for its swift and blooded horses, and some of its best blood was entered in this race. For fully three miles was this race for life extended. Tom Darnaby, having emptied his second revolver, and his pursuers having sent many shots after him without effect, at last ceased firing, and all was staked on the speed and endurance of the horses. On and on they went, the dust rising in clouds, the loose stones, being flung up by the hoofs of the animals, kept up a continuous fusilade upon the fences all the way.

At last, though dusty and pale, but with clinched teeth and unmistakable resolution written on his countenance, our young officer gained the picket lines of his friends, and giving the pass-word rode into safety. He thought that he had seen one or two of his pursuers roll from their saddles when he had shot, but no one ever knew for certain whether this was a fact or not.

The next day all was as quiet and serene as it had been on the preceding afternoon. The story of Tom Darnaby's ride has never before appeared either in history or fiction, but it was never forgotten in that little community, where it is well known to not a few, and methinks that as a daring and fleet rider he will rank with Putnam or Phil Sheridan.

Lieutenant Darnaby, we may be sure, found a way to let the folks at home, as well as those at Mr. Grigsby's, know that he was safe.

CHAPTER VIII.

HUGH IS WOUNDED, PAYS HIS MOTHER A VISIT,
AND LITTLE BLACK MILLY WINS A RACE.

It was after the Pendletons had moved to Indiana, about the middle of June, 1862, that a letter reached Mrs. Darnaby from Hugh. It had been written several weeks before. It told her of a great battle which had been fought in April, and in which he had taken an humble part. It spoke of the hard fighting and of the numbers of the killed and wounded. It told how that the courage displayed on either side had been splendid. How that "our side" had fought like mad but had been worsted finally. It told her, also, that he had been sick and was just convalescing; that he was at the time of writing propped up with pillows, but that soon he hoped to be able to go

about again. It told her that he was thinking of getting a furlough and of coming home to see her and all the folks as soon as it was safe to do so.

This letter had started from Georgia while he was in hospital, some three weeks after the battle of Shiloh, and it had traveled slowly northward until it had at last reached its destination.

He made excuses for the shortness of his letter saying it was very difficult to procure paper and he was still pretty weak. And this was all he wrote, except that he asked to be remembered to Annie Pendleton.

The newspapers still came to the "Blue Grass" country, not so regularly as they had a few weeks since, still the people of that section had heard of the battle of Shiloh, and had read of what a splendid victory for the Union had been snatched from the jaws of defeat.

Hugh's mother had heard with pride of her eldest son's, Tom's, bravery and courage

in that battle, and that he had been commended by his colonel for gallantry on the field, and that he had received a captain's commission; but she had not heard that her youngest son had been carried from that same battle-field covered with blood and glory. She had not heard that he had ridden first and foremost into the very "jaws of death"; how that his horse Joe had taken him straight through a battery which was belching forth fire and hail amid the din and destruction which it was causing, nor how that the battery ceased to roar and that it was his and that of his noble fellows who had followed him through—theirs for a brief time at least.

No high-sounding word of praise had reached her ears of how, sword in hand, her boy and his little band had fought hand to hand with the gunners who manned the battery; of how that wounded and beaten by superior numbers, driven back by the infantry reserve, he had ridden, still fight-

ing and bleeding, until reaching a place of comparative safety he had fallen and was carried away by his comrades.

She did not know that he, too, had risen from the ranks, and now wore upon his sleeve the velvet cuff and insignia of a first lieutenant in the Confederate army. But what would it have really mattered to her in comparison to the knowledge that he was safe and in comparative good health. His letter gave her more news of him than she had had for months, and her mother's heart was greatly comforted, though still not altogether satisfied.

It was some time during the fall of this same year that a tall, dark-whiskered, slightly pale-faced man rode into the yard of the Darnaby home-place. He was accompanied by a much smaller man, one who looked wiry and active though, and whose keen black eye took in every feature of the landscape.

"And this is your old home, Darnaby"?

inquired the smaller man. "What a home-like old place it is, too. I wonder how long it will be before I will see my home again? I have not been back since I first enlisted, and do you know, lieutenant, I have begun lately to have a rather sentimental longing for a strong whiff of the odor from the magnolia? You have a beautiful country here, and a splendid soil, but it is not the same to me you know as our own rice fields and sugar cane, and the wild luxuriance of our forests."

"It is quite natural that you should feel that way, Captain Elliott," answered Hugh Darnaby, for it was he who now spoke.

"But as you say," continued he, "we have a beautiful country, and I love it exceedingly well. I wish we were done with fighting. I sometimes think that things might have been arranged differently."

They proceeded up the lawn toward the house now, silently but not without attracting the attention of the people about the buildings.

The negro portion of the population especially were soon on the alert, and half a dozen little woolly heads were seen protruding from behind house corners and through the panels of the fence. It was about dusk and to-morrow would be Sunday; and Jim, yes, that was Jim, came walking into the yard, and as he approached the two seeming strangers, he recognized his young master.

"Well, fore de Lord," he cried, "is dat you Mars Hugh? Deed I'se right glad to see you. De missus will be mighty glad too, cause she ben thinken a heap bout you. How is you ben? Ebenin' sir," continued he, bowing to Captain Elliott. "Gemmen, git down and walk inter de house, I'll take yer hosses."

"How do you do, Jim," said Hugh, "and how is mother and everybody? I am mighty glad to get back home, Jim, and pleased to see things looking so well."

He and his friend dismounted and handed the bridle reins to Jim, who started toward

the stable, calling out as he went "Milly, you go and tell you Mistus (Jim always said Mistus when he wished to appear dignified and important), "tell you Mistus dat Mars Hugh have came home. Go on now and be tolerable peart bout it, too."

And a small black urchin darted from without the darkness, and fairly flew toward the house, nothing loath to be the bearer of such important news. But there were others of Milly's companions who having heard the message given held the same sentiments as to the importance of the announcement to be made as she herself; and, although Milly had been specially delegated to bear the tidings, no sooner had she started than the whole posse of young nigs had formed themselves into a committee and were after Milly as quick as thought. And now a race began for the honor of "telling Old Miss," which, in the earnestness of the endeavor to win, was as great as any ever ran in the olden time at the Olympic games. But Milly had

the start, and being very fleet of foot, in addition, reached the goal first. Her little black legs seemed actually to whiz as she darted into the room where Mrs. Darnaby sat, and breathlessly cried out, "Ole Miss, Jim say Mars Hugh out yander."

It is useless to say that Mrs. Darnaby was surprised, for she did not know that Hugh was within a hundred miles of home; but she immediately arose and went to the front door.

"Lieutenant," said Captain Elliott, "you will have to make excuse for our dilapidated appearance."

"Oh," replied Hugh, "that will be all right, Captain, I don't think we will see anybody except my mother and the blacks, and I have no doubt that she will be right glad to see some real live rebels, though they are somewhat dusty and dirty. Walk in," continued he, as they stepped onto the porch. "Ah, there is mother waiting for us," he exclaimed. And in another moment she was in his arms.

"Mother!" "My son!" were the only exclamations for some moments. Then releasing him the mother turned and said, "And this is——"

"Captain Elliott, my mother," said Hugh ; "he is a friend of mine from our command."

"Captain Elliott," said she, "you are welcome ; walk into the house."

The Captain took occasion to retire early that night so as to leave mother and son together to talk without hindrance.

It is unnecessary to state that she gradually learned from him the principal incidents of the months since he had left home, especially those bearing upon his personal action ; or that she got from him the story of his wound and of the fearful battle in which it had been received.

It is not necessary to say that she told him that his father was away in Louisville ; that the Pendletons had moved to Indiana, taking a good many of their negroes with them ; or that Mr. Pendleton had given them

their freedom and settled them on small farms as far as he was able, as well as in the small town to which he had gone in the Hoosier State; or how she told him that Lieutenant Gray had left soon after he had and had been killed in battle; or how that Annie Pendleton had grieved at leaving the old home, and that she had asked to be remembered to him when she wrote.

The poor fellow's heart glowed at the recognition of the fact that she had not forgotten him, although he was dreadfully disappointed at not being able to see her.

Small satisfaction it was, but this was the first he had heard, even indirectly, from her for a long time, and he was fain to be content. Sufficient is it to say that night sped away, and the fore part of the next day was passed in pleasant social intercourse, and then the rumor of another fearful battle having been fought came to them. How or when the first announcement reached the neighborhood will always remain a mystery.

The battle had been disastrous to the Confederates, and sooner than Hugh had expected, certainly sooner than he had wished, his visit came to an end. While they were in the stable looking after the feeding and grooming of his own and Captain Elliott's horses preparatory to their speedy departure, Jim said to him, "Mars Hugh, I'se got a fabor to ax you fore you goes agin."

"Well, Jim," said Hugh, "what is it?"

"I want's," replied the negro, "to go wid you. I b'longs to de Missus, you know, and I tinks she wants somebody to wait on you, so I thought if you ax her she let me go 'long and take keer ob Joe fur you. I heard de Cap'n called you Lieut'nt, an' you can't rub down you own horse now. I knows that cause you is a ossifer now."

Hugh was touched by the evident devotion of the negro and felt tempted to accept his offer, but remembered that he really had no right to do so. "But, Jim," he replied, "you don't belong to me, and although I

would like very much to have you with me I would not have any right to take you. You see I can't ask my mother to lend you to me for it is not at all certain that either of us would ever get back."

"Now, Mars Hugh," said Jim, "you might ax her to lend me to you till de war is ober."

And more to please Jim than from any hope that such a request would be granted, he promised to speak to his mother about it.

Really Jim was the property of Mrs. Darnaby in her own right. He had been given to her by her father when he was a little bit of a picayune. He and Hugh had grown up together and were very fond of each other.

That attachment had sprung up between them which was often exemplified in the lives of the young master and servant, as well as between the young mistress and maid.

Often the relations between the ruling members of the family and the domestics in the South were such as to engender kindness

and consideration on the one side and faithfulness and trust on the other. Hugh would have liked to have Jim with him, for he knew that he would have been served faithfully and lovingly. And he did speak to his mother, as he had promised, in relation to this matter, and without much hesitation, but much to his surprise, she agreed that he should have Jim's services until he should come home again or until the war was over, provided Jim was still willing to go. When questioned about it he immediately replied, "Yes, Missus, I wants to go berry much. An I thinks it be fur de repertation ob de fambly dat Mars Hugh hab somebody ter wait on him and ter take keer ob his hoss, an I don know ob nobody kin do it any better'n Jim kin. Ob cose I likes to stay wid de Missus ef she need me, but she don peer to much as Mars Hugh do."

"Well, Jim," said Mrs. Darnaby, "you can go, and now you must be a good boy and take care of Mars Hugh." "Yes'm,"

answered Jim, and a broad grin overspread his whole countenance. "I thank you, Missus. I will take good keer ob Mars Hugh fer you and bring him back, too."

"Well, then, Jim, that is a promise, and you must take care of yourself, too; so good-by and God bless you both."

"Good-by, Missus, God bress you," and he started toward the cabin to make a few hasty preparations for the journey.

He proceeded to his own room, took from a closet his "Sunday clothes" and a couple of clean shirts, and dressed himself.

In looking over the clothes he wished to take with him he found that there was a button off of one of the shirts. He hallooed down the stairs, "Say, Mandy, kin you sew a button fur me?" And a voice replied, "Guess I kin." Then, after a pause, "Mus be gwine somewhar t'night or t'morrow. "You is a right smart gal, Mandy," said Jim, coming down the stairs with a garment needing attention in his hand. "You is a right

smart gal, but you ain't quite smart nuff to know whar Jim gwine dis time."

"Whew," she whistled, "You is done up spruse. Pears like you is in a big hurry to git away, anyhow, whareber you is gwine."

Jim knew that he did not have much time to talk, so he said "Mandy, you is a good gal, an I thinks right smart ob you." "Oh you go way from here, Jim," she retorted, "You don think as much ob me as you dose ob Pendleton's Em. Soon 's you git dat button sewed on you don keer nothing bout Mandy." "Now look here, Mandy," replied he, "You jes sew dat button on, an I will tell you whar Ise gwine."

And curiosity to know more conquered her coquettishness, and she took the garment and began fastening the button on. As Jim witnessed the celerity with which the needle flew he began to talk.

"Ise gwine to de wah wid Mars Hugh."

She almost jumped from her chair. "No!" ejaculated she, "not to de wah?"

"Yes I is, Mandy. An you won't see me fur a long time, and maybe neber." The fact was that Jim had been making quite a shine to Mandy, as the darkies used to say, and now the result was that the button was quickly sewed on. And then Jim made his peace with her, as well as certain arrangements for the future before going away.

CHAPTER IX.

THE BATTLE OF PERRYVILLE IS FOUGHT. THE
NEGROES ARE EMANCIPATED. THE WAR IS
OVER, AND HUGH COMES HOME.

It was a good many miles, forty, perhaps, to the scene of the battle which had caused the abbreviation of Hugh's visit to his home. Monday after the day on which he and Captain Elliott left was hot, though it was past the time for summer heats. The sun burned through to the shoulders of the persons who were out from beneath the shelter of the roofs or trees. The dust lay thick and powdered in the roads, and the grass was parched and lifeless in the fields. The only things which seemed to be enjoying life, even in the smallest degree, were the few remaining grasshoppers. Occasionally one of these would set up a rasping,

aggravating kind of a noise from the fence corner, which made things seem hotter than before. Everything was quiet and still; even the cows under yonder clump of trees across the road had ceased to chew the cud, and were lazily fighting the flies with their tails.

People, as well as the lower animals, were waiting for a breeze, or for the night to come, hoping that it might cool the atmosphere.

Once in a while such days come in October in Kentucky. And the people were waiting for news also. Oh, the suspense of those days. Worse, far worse was it than even the certainty. It was pretty generally known in the neighborhood that a battle had been fought; some even declared that they had heard the boom of the cannon, but nothing was definitely known as to the result.

Mrs. Darnaby had been standing at one of the front windows of the house wrapped

in reverie. Suddenly a little cloud of dust rose from the road which ran in front of the house. It attracted her attention as being the one thing in the whole landscape which had the energy to rise and stir itself.

She watched it, expecting to see it fall again immediately whence it came, wondering what had caused it, wondering in that abstracted, semi-conscious way in which we often interest ourselves even in the most trivial things, especially on such a day as this, when nature as well as ourselves seem to be in a dreamy state.

But the little cloud of dust did not sink to earth. It grew in size and seemed to be moving along the road.

What current of air could have preferred the hot dusty roadway to the cooler shades of the woods? She watched it more consciously now, trying to unravel this mystery; and presently she saw a figure moving along and accompanying the cloud of dust. The figure soon assumed the appearance of

a man. Nothing very strange in this. It moved on, reeling.

She thought that the man was drunk, and moved away from the window to get her sewing. But she soon returned and sat down by the same window not noticing anything without.

She sat there and sewed for half an hour perhaps, when a breath of fresh air coming in at the window caused her to pause in her work, and looking up, in order to try and catch enough of it to fill her lungs with, she saw, as her glance again took in the situation, that a very good-sized cloud of dust had arisen from the bed of the road and was following its course, and that in it were several men, reeling and tottering and walking as do the lame and the halt.

She had not noticed it, but figures one at a time had been passing for the last hour or more.

Presently a little darkey came running into the room with eyes as big as attenuated

moons, displaying enough "chalk" as might be sufficient to supply the pupils of the district school for some weeks.

"Ole Miss," she cried, "whole lot of men wid blue close on is comin' down de road. Mandy say dey is sodgers, but I done see em hab no guns."

Then Mrs. Darnaby arose and went to the front door, and she saw standing at the front gate and looking through the bars a Union soldier. His tongue was actually hanging from his mouth, and he seemed about ready to give out. He saw her, too, and made motions to her as if in distress, which, indeed, he was. He could hardly talk, but he managed to say, "Water, water." She asked him to come up to the house, but he shook his head. She then called to one of the negroes who was standing back in the yard to bring a bucket of water and a cup.

When he saw it coming the eyes of the soldier brightened up considerably. And

drink! How that poor panic-stricken soldier did drink.

After satisfying his thirst and filling his canteen with the precious liquid he thanked her and would not stop longer. He told her that there had been a great battle and that "we were whipped badly." And no doubt he was honest in that belief, for when he left the field it was going wrong for his side. Although he was some forty or more miles from the scene of action, he seemed not yet to be satisfied with the distance which lay between himself and the dreaded foe.

And for the rest of that day Mrs. Darnaby and her sister and the negroes about the place were kept busy carrying water for the weary refugees who soon began to come in increased numbers and often in small squads. Very few there were who had not disposed of their guns, and all were in a hurry to push on.

Several parties during the day stopped long enough to get something to eat, and were gone like the rest.

Very tired were these "Good Samaritans" when the shades of night closed on the scene. But they all felt that they had done their duty, in some measure at least, nor did they regret it.

Mrs. Darnaby did not wish it to be said that she had refused to alleviate distress as best she could when the opportunity presented itself. She remembered her own boys and knew that at some time they might be in just such dire need as these men, and she knew that she would bless the hand stretched out in relief.

This is not altogether a fanciful picture of the imagination, for there are those living to-day who, if they will only unfold the tablets of memory, will find there chronicled just such a scene, with a few trifling changes, bearing date a few hours after the battle of Perryville, Kentucky.

The main facts will find reflection in the minds of some, if they should chance to read this little story, who having fought well

before and afterwards perhaps, are now enjoying the fruits of victories well won, in their declining years.

I know not who they were, nor to what commands they belonged. Each one knows for himself. And I do not tell this story by way of reproach. But I would ask each one to remember the cup of refreshing water he received in his great need during the war, in Kentucky, for it was given in the name of humanity.

By the time darkness had well set in the straggling line of men had almost ceased to pass, and Mrs. Darnaby and her little force retired to the house.

The dust once more settled down into the road, and quiet again reigned supreme.

A few days later a Cincinnati daily newspaper reached Mrs. Darnaby, and it announced that the battle of Perryville had been fought, resulting in the defeat of the Confederates. And a few days after Mr. Darnaby came home full of the news and of enthusiasm.

He heard of Hugh's having been at home and scolded his wife somewhat for having let Jim and the colt he rode go away. He had met Mr. Pendleton in Louisville, who reported all well except Mrs. Pendleton, who had been complaining ever since she had left the old home.

Taking her away was like transplanting some hardy shrub, taking it from the soil into which it had sunk its roots deeply, from that in which it had thriven for years, to a new and less congenial soil, and to which its roots refused to cling.

When Mr. Darnaby had been told of Hugh's exploits in the military line he was secretly proud of his boy, and was somewhat mollified.

After this things began to assume something of their wonted appearance in that section of the State.

The war cloud rolled away further southward, and people began to breathe more freely, and before a great while the "pro-

clamation" declaring the negroes to be free came, and later still a call for them to volunteer into the military service of the United States.

One or two of the colored men from Mr. Darnaby's place responded to the call, while others, with their families, went into the new negro suburb of the town and commenced to pay rent and to keep house on their own resources, in the one or two-roomed houses which had been erected for their accommodation by some one of a speculative turn of mind. Some did very well, others went to the dogs.

Many of these freedmen worked when they pleased, idled the greater part of the time, living along the creek banks all day long with fishing rods stuck in the mud, and being perfectly satisfied as long as the summer lasted and the sun shone. And when the sun was down and the winter came, they spent their time frolicking, carousing, debauching, stealing, and working when com-

pelled to do so by hunger and want. They used their freedom as they pleased, not by any means knowing how to make it profitable.

Living on Mr. Darnaby's place was an old couple of negroes who were too old to work. He had provided them with comfortable quarters, with food and clothing, with many of the comforts of life, and even with some of the luxuries. He required of them no labor. He expected them to live the balance of their days where they were. But they had other ideas as to what was the meaning of freedom.

They had been freed, of course, with the rest, and they thought that they must do some overt act which would at once make apparent the fact that they were in possession of this inestimable boon.

This old couple were among the first to leave him. Verging close on to the completion of their three score years and ten, they must nevertheless strike out to begin

life over on a new plan. The idea of freedom had dazed this old couple ; they did not feel that they were free so long as they remained with Mars Darnaby. Expostulation was in vain ; they could not be reasoned with.

They had been slaves all their lives ; had been born slaves, and now they were free. This was all they knew ; this was all they cared to know. But we cannot blame them ; their education in regard to the meaning of civil liberty had been sadly neglected, and now they were too old to begin to learn that the external semblance of freedom and liberty were only the results of the vital principle.

It was indeed a stupendous fact that they were free. It was a grand thing that it had come to them even thus late in life.

It was an immense stride in the direction of philanthropic and advanced thought.

But they knew it not, nor understood its significance.

And let us add, in this connection, that it is one of the greatest triumphs of the age in philanthropic advancement that "the South is glad that the negroes are free;" that its best thought recognizes the fact that now the "principle" upon which they were freed is the fundamental principle of free constitutional government in our land. What will eventually be the effect of their freedom upon our institutions is a problem which is not yet solved.

The old cook, Cilla, Mandy's mother, refused to leave the "fambly." She had lived with them for many years, ever since she was a young girl in fact. She was very much attached to them. She was as proud of being a "Darnaby nigger" as any white member of the family could have been at belonging to it, and when at the end of the first week of her freedom the week's wages were offered to her, she actually shed tears because it was thought that she expected or would take the money. And it took a good

deal of argument and much persuasion to induce her finally to understand that she would need it by and by, if not immediately; that it was her right, and that she must take it if she stayed and worked for her old mistress.

Things were not very prosperous at the farm after this; in fact, the whole place had been running down at the heel, as it were, for some time back. But this was not until along toward the close of the war. The war continued for some time after this. George, the brother next older than Hugh, was killed at Vicksburg while doing his duty, and, like many another brave man during those terrible years, meeting his death at the front.

Hugh and his oldest brother, on opposing sides, went through the hardest of the fighting in the southwest.

Hugh had been made a captain, and at last the struggle was over. The last gun had been fired at Appomattox, and preparations were being made for a grand review of

the Union veterans at Washington city. Hugh and Jim came home, Hugh still riding his old war horse, Joe. Joe had his scars to indicate the desperateness of the struggles he had been through, and Hugh wore his worn and battered uniform with the insignia of his rank still on the collar. Jim had on a Union cavalry jacket which he had captured during a raid upon a Federal camp some time before.

Hugh had not surrendered up to this time. He had been for some time previously away, for the time being, from his command, which had been captured or had scattered.

As soon as he heard of General Lee's surrender he started for home, and was, after a long and tedious journey, there again. He had not heard from home for some time before, and being anxious to learn something of the folks he passed around the town and went directly to his father's house. The next day he went into town, and formally surrendered to the commandant there.

After some two or three weeks he began to look around in the hopes of finding something by means of which he could make a living. In fact, he began to study the situation, and it was about this when summed up : He was a disfranchised ex-rebel soldier without a cent of money in the world ; without a business or profession of any kind ; in fact, without any prospects for the future.

He had cast in his fortunes with the Confederacy, and it had ceased to exist. The cause for which he and so many others had given their best energies was lost. He was no fool, and he saw the difficulties which lay before him.

Dispirited and heavy-hearted he wandered aimlessly about the place. He could not and would not let his father support him. Things were altogether different from what they were before the war.

He could see clearly what a good many did not see until later on, and that was that he as well as the balance of the young men

of the South must begin to work in earnest, and to work as they never had had to do before. His just pride chafed at the restraint which he must put upon any aspirations he might have. His manhood rose up in arms against his enforced dependence; besides his father had not much of this world's goods left except the farm. And really there was not much at this time of the year that he could do about the place, and it had been arranged that his brother Thomas should take charge of the place in the future. It was too soon after the recent stirring and exciting events for it to be entirely pleasant for even brothers to dwell together, after they had taken opposite sides in the great struggle.

The father was kind to Hugh, but it was almost unconsciously in a condescending sort of a way which the young man could not stand.

Although he was still convinced of the justness of the cause in which he had so

lately been engaged, he accepted the result and determined that hereafter, if allowed, he would act for the common weal of a common country, as being a small integral part of the younger generation of the South.

Captain Thomas Darnaby was soon to wed Florence Grigsby and to bring her home to the farm. It would be rather crowded for him, he thought. The only place where there seemed to be plenty of room for him was in his mother's heart. She forgave him entirely for having been a rebel soldier, because he had followed the dictates of his own conscience, and she received him with all a mother's love.

The prodigal had returned, and, although he was not exactly sorry for what he had done, still he had fed on the husks, and now in her heart she killed the fatted calf for him.

Possibly he had become morbidly sensitive. Be that as it might, it was really time for him to find a place among the toil-

ing millions. His mother encouraged him very much during this period of waiting, advising patience, and telling him that things would adjust themselves in time and that he would find his place in life as every man and woman always did.

She spoke of the Pendletons, told him that Mrs. Pendleton was dead, and had been dead almost a year. She also told him that Mr. Pendleton had lost a great deal of money and that Annie had been teaching school and giving music lessons for some months in order to help eke out a living.

These things had been learned through Florence Grisby, between whom and Annie there had been kept up a desultory correspondence.

His mother told him that soon after his visit home in 1862 Florence had written to Annie and told her of his wound and that he had been honored and had risen from the ranks to a lieutenancy, and that Annie had answered expressing her gratification at the

latter, but that since then there had been no allusion to the subject.

The mother told him that she had surmised his attachment to Annie, and she sought to give him hope in respect to that also.

But his heart would rebel in spite of himself, because he was unable to go to her now in her trouble.

CHAPTER X.

COUNTY COURT DAY IN KENTUCKY. HUGH STUDIES
LAW.

About a month had elapsed since Hugh had arrived home. He was in town one day—it was county court day. This is a day on which the farmers gather in numbers in the small towns throughout Central Kentucky.

Cattle, mules, sheep and hogs are driven into the towns in droves and are put on the market on the public squares. It is the day for trading and trafficking of all kinds. It is the day when the voice of the auctioneer, who, by the way, is quite an indispensable character in the "Blue Grass" region, is heard ringing out in clarion tones across the public squares of the different towns.

Sometimes as many as a half dozen of these voluble gentlemen are heard at the

same time praising the goods entrusted to their skill in selling, telling jokes, and keeping the crowd in a good humor, beseeching, inducing them by any and all means to buy.

Horses are sold, bank stock changes hands, houses and farms are auctioned off to the highest bidder. Buggies, farming implements, harness, ploughs, household goods, any and every conceivable thing or commodity on which a value can be put, is brought to this market and exposed to the public inspection on county court day.

As I have intimated, almost every one, who can travel at all, from the country for miles around comes to town on that day. Some come to loaf around the stores and drinking saloons and to spend the day in talk and gossip, to play billiards and to drink together. It is the one day in the week that a good many farmers wear a "biled shirt" and clean collar.

These business and semi-social gatherings had been somewhat interrupted during the

war, but had been resumed within the last few months with renewed vigor and were attended in increased numbers.

The majority of the men had been away to the war on the one side or the other. Some had stayed at home and held their opinions in regard to the merits of the issue therein contested.

Most of those who came back, and all of those who had remained, still held their opinions, possibly modified to a degree, especially on the part of those who had taken part in the fighting.

The deplorable, the inevitable, consequence was, that the opinions of these men brought into personal contact, often while under the influence and excitement of strong drink, clashed quite frequently.

Consideration for those holding opposing opinions was not as pronounced as it is generally supposed to be in Christian communities, and frequent personal encounters followed, sometimes resulting in the killing of

one or more persons, at other times in serious bodily injury.

It was thought unsafe to go unarmed, and the ready weapon was brought into frequent use. About this time the retailing of what became known as fighting whiskey became very profitable, and even those who could afford to indulge in "fancy brands" were not entirely exempt from the predominating influence of the baser liquid.

As it happened, Hugh escaped any personal encounter of a very serious character, only on one occasion. Some months after this when he was returning to his lodgings, after nightfall, having come to town to live, a man who was a general bully in the community, and had no principles or fixed convictions of any kind, except that all whiskey was good, undertook, while under the influence of liquor, to stop Hugh on the street and lecture him, as well as to state his maudlin opinions of the "d—n rebels," and particularly of Hugh's action during the war in not very complimentary terms.

♦

The result was that Hugh lost control of himself, and all the pent-up feeling and the dormant energy in him burst forth, and as quick as lightning he dealt the man a blow full in the face which sent the bully sprawling onto the pavement. And this action of Hugh's was followed up by giving the man a sound thrashing which he never forgot. Of course, a crowd had gathered by this time, and the next morning Hugh was arrested, plead guilty to a charge of assault and battery, and Captain Tom Darnaby, Hugh's brother, came to the rescue and paid the fine, thereby closing forever whatever breach of feeling might have been made between them on account of their different sentiments on the war issues.

In the next chapter we will give an incident in our hero's life which fully acquitted him of any charge of rashness of which he might have been guilty on this occasion.

But for the present we will resume our narrative in the regular course of events.

As we have before stated Hugh was in town on county court day, some short time after he had returned home, and not having anything in particular to do, he loafed around from store to store, and occasionally went into the public square to listen to the auctioneers talking and selling the different articles placed on the market.

Looking on he thought that he might become an auctioneer. It required no capital except a pair of good lungs, a fund of jokes, and a ready wit. Did he possess these? The lungs he knew he had, and he knew some good jokes ; but he was not so certain that he possessed the last-mentioned requisite.

The fact was that Hugh had a good deal of dry humor, but was not ready enough with it to make a very successful auctioneer. So he concluded that he should have to give up that idea, and he turned away with a sigh.

Being near the office of an old comrade in

arms, who had been a lawyer before the war and who had essayed to resume the practice of his profession since his return, pending his restoration to citizenship, Hugh entered the door.

"Good morning, Major," he said as he entered, "I was not particularly busy to-day as you may surmise, so I thought I would come in and sit a few minutes, if I will not be in the way."

"Well, Captain," said Major Brown, "I am glad to see you ; have a chair. Business is not so brisk but that I have time to talk to my old friends when they come in. How are you getting along, old fellow, since you came back home? I fancy things are not quite as they were, my boy." These two men had met quite frequently during the war, and each had seen the other tried, and each knew the other was as true as steel.

"You have made yourself pretty scarce lately, but I suppose, like the rest of us ex-rebel soldiers, you have been looking around

for something to do, and that has kept you pretty busy I imagine."

"Well, Major," replied Captain Darnaby, "it is true I have been looking around trying to find an opening, but as yet nothing has seemed to open. To be serious, I think I shall have to strike out for the 'far West,' and take my chance of starving there. The fact is, I am in pretty hard luck."

"Look here, Hugh Darnaby," said the Major, "you are a young man yet, and things are going to be better for us here before very long. Don't you go away. Why don't you study law, and put up your shingle right here at home? You've got sense enough to make a success of it, and I think that you have the pluck to wait for a practice. If you want to try it you can study here in my office."

"I have a few books left," he continued, "and you are welcome to the use of them. I should be more than pleased to give you any assistance in my power."

"You are certainly very kind, Major,"

said Hugh, "and I don't know but what it might be a good idea; at least it is the only thing like encouragement that has come to me yet."

"Now, Hugh," said the Major, "if you do undertake this thing you must go into it with a determination to make a success of it. It is no child's play to become a lawyer, but I believe you can do it if you but once make up your mind to."

"Well, Major," said Hugh, "I must do something, and, thanking you for your kind offer, I will think the matter over for a few days. You understand that my hesitancy is not on account of my not appreciating the fact that all the obligation is on my side, but you know that this is a thing which, when once settled, will influence my whole future perhaps, Major, and a person must not be precipitate in such matters. I shall determine one way or the other before many days, for I have no time to lose, and then I shall let you know what conclusion I have come to."

"All right," said the Major, "take your own time, my boy; you are right to think before you leap."

A client came in at this stage of the conversation, and Hugh soon after took his leave. He did think this matter over, and talk it over, too, with his mother.

Ah, when do we grow too old or too wise to talk matters over with mother? Surely not until contact with actual living sin has killed the better part of our nature. What man is there among us who does not seek woman's council, or who is he who does not always find sound, practical suggestions from a good wife's store of wisdom?

Despise it not, ye men of the world. Make your wife interested in your affairs by giving her a voice in your deliberations, and I will venture to say that full often you will be surprised at the acuteness of her perceptions.

Let me beseech you to look on the marital relation as one of mutual interests.

Do you think that your wife has no capacity for business? Have you chosen for her the gay butterfly existence which so many live? Then don't be surprised if she lives that life. If you are content that she should live in that manner, well and good. But if you feel that there should be something different, give her a chance; develop her, make a companion of her, show her that she has an interest in the success or failure of your undertakings, and in nine cases out of ten you will find her aid invaluable.

When the ardor of passionate love has begun to cool, then begin to weave your life into hers, make your interests mutual, and open to her the door of your thoughts. You will find the door of hers standing ajar. Enter and you will find treasures untold. You will find the true meaning of love, and you will gain a friend, dearer, truer and more constant than all others.

But I have lost the thread of my story,

and I shall not apologize for this digression. Skip it, you who object to moralizing, but you who do read it let the seed sown fall where it may perchance take root and in time bear fruit.

On the next Saturday afternoon Hugh Darnaby rode his horse Joe into town and hitched him to the rack in front of Major Brown's office. Having dismounted, the young man walked into the office and told the Major that he would accept his kind offer and begin reading law on the Monday following, provided that the Major had not repented of his suggestion.

Now Major Brown was a man who never did things by halves; in fact, he was constantly doing good in his day and generation, in his whole-souled, unobtrusive way, and we may well surmise that he was still agreeable to the arrangement suggested to Hugh Darnaby. Besides, he really had a liking for the young man and believed in a future for him.

Major Brown's office was a one-storied brick building with two rooms, one in the rear of the other. It was situated directly on the street which ran along one side of the public square, and directly opposite the court-house. It was a splendid position for a law office.

Well, Monday morning came, and with it came Hugh to commence his new lifework. He had thought deeply in regard to this matter of choosing a profession, and had determined that he would succeed if it were possible to do so.

As time went on he studied hard, often spending six or seven hours a day over his books in the back room of Major Brown's office. It was weary work; but the thorough appreciation of the fact that he must never give up bore him through.

He saw from observation and conversation with Major Brown, and by studying the character of the litigation in the courts, that there would be plenty of work for lawyers to

do in these days, in the way of fixing up old matters and in adjusting the new, which had been either left unfinished at the breaking out of the war, or having grown out of the division of sentiment consequent on the same.

Later on the rights of citizenship were restored to the ex-Confederate soldier in Kentucky. Good friends they had in the legislature, undoubtedly true and faithful Union men, men whose loyalty could not be impeached, but who looked upon the ex-Confederate as a brother, an erring brother perhaps, but still as a brother who, having been chastised in proportion to the seriousness of his offence against their common mother, the State, and against the great sisterhood of States, should now be restored to fraternal love, with its consequent rights in the family. And there were those in, Washington who, while they hated the sin, had not learned to sin themselves by hating

the sinner. And the efforts of these last were paving the way toward reconstruction on a just basis tempered with that Godlike quality, mercy.

CHAPTER XI.

AN EXCITING ELECTION AT WHICH HUGH ASSISTS
IN PREVENTING TROUBLE.

It was about six or eight months after Hugh Darnaby began to study law—months of hard study, of intense and earnest application, months in which Major Brown rendered him invaluable service by timely suggestion and explanation, that he applied for admission to the bar, and was ready to enter the lists of professional men.

Of course, he had previously obtained his license, having undergone an examination as to his qualifications before one of the judges of the Court of Appeals. And now he hung out his “shingle,” new and bright with gilt letters, and bearing the simple legend, “Hugh Darnaby, Attorney-at-Law.”

He had lived up to this time at his father's on the farm, rendering such assistance about

the place as time and opportunity had permitted. In the meantime Captain Thomas Darnaby had married, and had brought his young and beautiful bride to the old home.

Florence, the new sister, and Hugh had become great friends during this time, for Hugh was always polite and considerate to ladies.

Things at the farm had become more pleasant to him. The father had put aside any feeling he had had because of Hugh's having gone into the Confederate army, and Tom and he had learned to talk over war times and to fight their battles over by the blazing fire of an evening, with real pleasure. Each seemed to have agreed within himself to accept things as they were and to make the best of them. After all, they were members of the same family. The same blood coursed through their veins, except those of the young wife, and she was now one of them, made such by a tie as sacred as that of blood. In short, it was once more a united household.

Tom's wife was very pretty and very lovable, and, although she had a brother who had been in the Union army, and who was now taking his father's place on the farm as best he could with one arm in his coat sleeve, still she almost always took Hugh's part in the frequent discussions, now become friendly, which took place in the old sitting room.

She loved her husband intensely; this was evident to the most casual observer; but it was that instinctive element in woman's character which makes her sympathize with and anxious to render what assistance is possible to the weaker side, to the one outnumbered, which caused her to side with Hugh so frequently. And her husband understood her motive.

Hugh walked into the room one afternoon where his mother and Florence were sitting, and announced that he was a free man once more and a citizen of the United States; that he had taken the oath of allegiance to support the Constitution, and to observe the

laws, and, said he, "Mother, my heart was in the words as I repeated the form of the oath."

Soon after he left the old home, the home in which he had been born and which he loved beyond measure. Every nook and corner, every tree on the old place, was dear to him. He moved into the back room of Major Brown's office. The Major owned the office, and would not charge him any rent for the room. He told Hugh to wait until he began to make something out of his practice and that then if he wished to do so he could pay him what he felt able to.

More than once during the next year Hugh Darnaby's heart and courage almost failed him, as day after day he sat poring over his books, or waited, expectantly at first, then listlessly, then almost hopelessly. Major Brown often spoke encouraging words to him during this trying time. The Major's business had begun to pick up almost immediately upon the removal of his political disabilities, and had by this time increased

to a considerable extent; indeed so much so that his time was fully occupied.

Very frequently, of late, he had given Hugh a certain class of writing to do, such as copying legal documents, drawing up deeds and mortgages, writing petitions, etc., all of which tended to familiarize him with the practical part of his profession.

It happened that while things were in this uncertain state, as regards Hugh's professional success, an election took place, at which the ex-Confederates, as well as the emancipated slaves, were expected to exercise the right of suffrage. It was to be the first time that the negroes ever voted in that county and town, and a good many cool-headed people were fearful that there would be trouble.

The place for voting was to be at the courthouse, and the judges and clerks of election occupied the space in one of the ground-floor rooms, just in front of a window. In order to prevent any jostling in, as far as

possible, which might induce personal encounters between the whites and the blacks, it was thought best to erect a high and strong board partition extending at right angles from the window where the ballots were to be cast and which divided the polling place.

The colored population who were entitled to vote were to approach the ballot box on the left of this partition, and the whites on the right. During the morning the excitement ran pretty high and seemed to be on the increase as the day advanced, and the frequent indulgence in "drinks" did not serve to allay it.

There was a man of desperate character in the town, one of violent passions, who had already killed more than "his man."

This fellow had been drinking considerably during the day and had been bringing the negroes to the polls since early morning. Of course, there was more than the usual challenging, and some of those who claimed

the privilege of depositing their ballots were denied the right. At last this man of whom we have been speaking brought a negro to the poll and offered to vote him. Now it happened that this negro's right to vote was challenged, and in this particular instance the Republican judge coincided with his Democratic colleagues in deciding that the negro could not be allowed to deposit his ballot, and having personal knowledge in regard to the facts, told the aforementioned desperate character that there should not be any illegal votes cast on either side if he could help it, and he knew that he did not want any such cast on his side.

This so infuriated the bully, whom we shall, for reasons satisfactory to ourself, call John Bills, that he said, "And you say this to me," at the same time leaping over the sill of the window into the room where the judges were, and cried, "Seize the ballot box."

This, of course, threw things into the ut-

most confusion. It happened that a window shutter lay across the top of a box in the room near the clerk's table, and seizing this John Bills raised it high above his head with the intention of dashing it at the head of the judge who he considered had undertaken to reprimand him. And undoubtedly he would have dashed his brains out but that something in the eye that looked unflinchingly into his arrested the action just long enough for the judge to say, "What do you want to kill me for, John; have I not always been your friend?"

And that little delay saved his life, for another idea seemed to take possession of his mind, for he threw the shutter down on the floor, and turned and grabbed the ballot-box. The clerks and sheriffs and all other persons in the immediate vicinity had fled.

At this instant the Republican sheriff of election who had left the room a few moments before the difficulty had begun, entered, and, taking in the situation at a

glance, and knowing the man with whom he had to deal, sprang upon him as quick as lightning, at the same time drawing his revolver and leveling it at his head, grabbed Bills by the collar.

"Drop that box, John Bills, or I'll kill you as I would a dog."

Bills looked the sheriff in the eye for a second and then let the ballot-box fall upon the table where it belonged.

"Now," said the sheriff, "you come to jail with me."

And so the arrest was made, but the matter was not pushed, and Bills was soon released.

Instead of quieting down, however, Bills proceeded up town and commenced drinking heavily, and haranguing the negroes in every grog shop he entered, telling them that their rights were being trampled on, and that if they did not use force their side would lose the election, and they would be put back into slavery.

Already excited to a very high pitch and maddened by whiskey to a degree almost beyond control, they believed what he told them, and it so happened that in an incredibly short space of time a mob of two or three hundred negroes were armed and on the public square which surrounds the courthouse.

In front of these John Bills threw himself and assumed their leadership. He quickly formed them into line, and began to incite them to immediate and desperate action.

On the other hand the whites, mostly ex-Confederate soldiers, as fast as possible, armed themselves from the hardware stores and gun shops with pistols, shot-guns, and whatever weapon they could procure, and formed an opposing line just across the square. Soon the stores had sold out their entire stock of weapons, and a word would have precipitated the affair into a scene of bloodshed and dire confusion, when a form was seen suddenly to shoot into the space

between the hostile lines, and a voice was heard crying, "Fellow citizens, stop a moment and listen."

Immediately afterwards two or three other persons were standing in this space, exhorting, haranguing, expostulating, reasoning with the angry men on either side, who were about to become a bloody and uncontrolable mob. And having gained the attention of those whom they addressed, these men ceased not their efforts to stem the current of bitter and angry feeling until it was done.

Blessed are the peacemakers. Surely these men will meet their reward when all things become known and are finally adjusted according to eternal justice and mercy. The men who had thus nobly and heroically braved the fury of the mob were our friend, Hugh Darnaby, the mayor of the town, a Democrat, the Republican sheriff of the election, and the United States marshal for that district. When it was all over Hugh

went back to his office in the rear of Major Brown's, very pale, very tired, but exceedingly glad. And the action of that day bore fruit in the good will and respect of the whole community.

Time went on, and at last Hugh was startled almost out of his chair by the abrupt entrance of a person into the front room of the office. Major Brown happened to be in at the time, and calling the person by name as he answered his question, he said, "Yes, Mr. Darnaby is in the back room. Just step in there." And thus Hugh secured his first client, and would try his first case at the next term of the court. He was as happy as a school boy. So much elated was he that he walked out home that very evening—he still called the old place home—to tell the good news to his mother.

Hugh Darnaby was a very bright man, but withal very simple-hearted. He was still very much of a boy in many things. Of course, all the home folks gave him all the

sympathy that was expected and predicted great things for him in the future.

In all these months he had not forgotten his early love for Annie Pendleton, and he had wished to go to her, and, if possible, save her from the necessity of making her own living. But what had he to offer her? He was hardly making enough yet, with some occasional help the home people could give him, to support himself alone, and he would not think of asking her to share with him even a greater poverty than that which she might be now contending against.

So, baffled and discouraged, he had decided to wait awhile in the hope that things would improve financially. Besides, he did not know but that her feelings toward him had changed in the length of time since he had seen her. He thought for awhile that he would write to her, remind her of her promise to him when he left home for the war, and tell her that his heart was still hers; but what could he say to her in a letter that

would be at all satisfactory—what had he to offer her any way? Should he ask her to wait on indefinitely until he was in a position to offer her marriage with any reasonable expectation of being able to give her the comforts of life? Would it not seem rather presumptuous to write at all on this subject after so great a length of time? He could not bring himself to write under the circumstances. Poor fellow! If he could have gone to her and offered her his heart and hand as he had done, oh, so long ago it seemed to him, he would have done so. But he could not; the war had changed everything. Time had changed many things it was true. It had changed her from a girl into a woman at least. He himself was changed in many respects, and might she, too, not have changed in more respects than having grown older? He must wait.

Soon a letter came from Annie Pendleton to Florence, stating that her father had been stricken with paralysis and was almost helpless.

And after this these two lives, those of Hugh and Annie, drifted farther apart for a time.

The term of court, at which Hugh was to try his pinions as a lawyer came on in due time, and to make a long story short, he won his case and pocketed his first fee.

It was at this term that through the whispered suggestion of Major Brown, the court appointed Captain Hugh Darnaby to defend a poor negro, who was unable to employ council.

This negro had been indicted for murder. Hugh was taken completely by surprise, but managed to ask the court for time in which to consult with the prisoner, nor did he much like the task which had been assigned to him.

He feared that the negro's guilt was a foregone conclusion, and that he would be enabled to make but a poor showing before a jury. Nevertheless, he must do what he could for the poor fellow, and after consult-

ing with the prisoner, he began to think that there was a chance for him, and that after all only appearances were against his client. So it happened that Captain Hugh Darnaby, he who had faced death at the mouth of the roaring cannon, and had done more than one deed of valor in the face of the enemy, stood trembling, yet determined, before the court, and stated what he expected to be able to prove in defence of the prisoner by certain eye-witnesses to the tragedy, which resulted in the death of a human being, provided he might have the opportunity to produce these witnesses before the court. He stated further that on account of the ignorance of the prisoner as to what rights he had in the premises, and on account of his friendless condition, his case had been entirely neglected, and that a great wrong would be done, unintentionally, of course, if a request for time, which request he now made, was not granted, in which to subpoena witnesses, and in which to further prepare the case for trial.

He would not, however, ask for further delay than that the court should set some day toward the end of the term for the trial. And the court did grant his request, and set a day just one week off.

Hugh now went to work in earnest. He did not let a moment slip by. He even used a part of his fee, received in the first case in which he was retained, hired a horse and buggy and assisted the sheriff in hunting up the witnesses, for, in addition to the stimulus lent to his exertions by the consciousness that his whole future depended in great measure on the way in which he managed the case, he believed, from what the negro had told him, that the homicide of which he was charged had been committed in self-defence.

He believed that he was on the right side this time, and he determined, if possible, to make it clear to the jury which would sit in judgment on the actions of the prisoner in this matter, that he was right. He became

intensely interested before the day set for the trial came.

He forgot to think of himself finally, as well as of any stake in the matter of reputation which might be involved, and became so thoroughly convinced of the negro's innocence of the crime as charged against him that he determined, if in his power, to secure his acquittal. It became as a sacred trust to him, and he fully understood the grave responsibility resting upon him; and the same spirit which Major Brown had seen dominate Hugh in battle took possession of him as the time for the issue approached. He had determined to win for the sake of justice and in the interest of humanity; and he would not fail. Hugh had become quite popular, socially, in the town since he had come to live in it, and especially among the ladies, who had learned the history of his military career and were disposed to make a lion of him on account of it.

Major Brown, during the last week, had taken particular pains to announce everywhere he went, to his clients and friends, that Captain Hugh Darnaby was going to make his maiden speech in a murder trial, and that he predicted for him a grand success, saying, "The young fellow is in earnest, and if you had seen him fighting, as I have seen him, with his whole soul in it, just as if he thought that the success or failure of the Confederacy depended on him alone, you would understand why I expect a hard fight on his part this time."

"I don't know anything about his line of defence, and I suppose the negro is guilty. Caruthers is a shrewd fellow and a good lawyer. Mr. Caruthers was the prosecuting attorney for the commonwealth in that circuit, but, if I am not sadly mistaken, he will meet his match this time, especially if Darnaby gets warmed up to his work, and I think that he is warming.

"We will have some nice seats for you

ladies if you will come to hear him," he said to his lady acquaintances. "Mrs. Brown is going." And—well that settled it; and it so happened at any rate that the court-room was crowded when the case was called.

CHAPTER XII.

HUGH MAKES HIS MAIDEN SPEECH.

The Commonwealth of Kentucky *v.* Silas Green, charged with murder, read the court from the docket.

"The Commonwealth is ready," answered Mr. Caruthers.

Then the court inclined its head in the direction of Hugh and asked: "Mr. Darnaby, is the defence ready?"

"Yes, your honor," answered Hugh.

"Then you will proceed, gentlemen."

The jury was called, objections and challenges made, etc., until a panel was chosen, the indictment read, the case stated by the attorney for the prosecution and also for the defence by Hugh, and the examination of the witnesses began. As the examination proceeded the commonwealth's attorney re-

alized that he had harder work before him than he had anticipated in the beginning.

Hugh's manner was cool and collected after the first few questions, and it soon became evident to both judge and jury that he was endeavoring to extract the truth, and that only from the witnesses, and that he was doing it in the most direct and skillful manner.

He had already made out a strong case in favor of the innocence of the prisoner when his witnesses were allowed to leave the stand, for he had brought out the simple truth relating to what had occurred at the time the homicide was committed, in as far as each knew it.

The Commonwealth's attorney made a very ingenious argument and a strong speech to the jury. And then Hugh rose from his seat inside the bar, walked around the table, and stood before the jury. Some of them he was acquainted with, others he did not know personally.

After laying the handkerchief, which he held in one hand, on the table, he began :

"May it please the court, and gentlemen of the jury;" his voice trembled perceptibly, and he was evidently very much embarrassed.

Major Brown, sitting within the bar with his wife on one side of him, and a very pretty little widow on the other, felt that now was the crisis for Hugh.

Hugh took a hasty glance around the room, saw his father close to the railing which divides the bar from the rest of the room, saw his brother Thomas farther back, saw Major Brown, saw the face of the pretty little widow full of expectation, lifted his eyes and taking in the gallery saw Jim's black face peering over the railing; and then with a look of determination settling down over his countenance, he proceeded :

"The case before you, gentlemen, is one of peculiar interest," all this had not used up more than a few moment's time, and Major Brown heaved a sigh of relief, for he knew

that the crisis had passed, and that Hugh would go on to the end now.

"It is of more than ordinary interest," continued Hugh, "for the reason that the prisoner here charged with the crime of murder belongs to a race, many of whom were but lately your bondsmen.

"It is only very recently that the rights of citizenship have been given to these bondsmen, and among those rights was that of trial by jury, and it is interesting to note the fact that this is one among the first juries which has been called on to decide a question of the life or liberty of a colored citizen.

"I know that it is not an easy matter for us to divest ourselves of prejudices in respect to this emancipated race, which might interfere to some extent at least with an unbiased consideration of the facts appearing in such a trial as this one.

"I see that there are some of you, who, like myself, did cast in your lot with the cause which is lost, others of you I see

before me who thought it right to cross swords with us over the issues so lately contested, still others I see whose political opinions I do not know ; but I do not fear but that you will try this case just as you would if the prisoner was of your own color, nay, if possible, with even a greater degree of fairness, and that we shall be enabled to join hands in an honest endeavor to do justice to this unfortunate individual."

And Captain Darnaby proceeded to review the evidence as it had been adduced on the witness stand, explaining to the jury the particular reference of the law to certain parts thereof, gaining confidence as he proceeded, often rising to points of actual eloquence, warming to his work, as Major Brown remarked, astonishing the older lawyers by the quickness of his grasp on salient points in his adversary's arguments ; pleasing the court by the appreciation with which he fixed and grasped the strong points of the law applicable to the case and which seemed

to be in his favor, carrying the sympathy of the audience outside the bar from the first, and, finally, closing with every man on the jury convinced of the innocence of the prisoner for whom he was pleading. He had been able to prove to them that it was a case of self-defence beyond a doubt. And when he took his seat after speaking an hour or more, not a man in that house had a doubt as to what the verdict would be.

The Commonwealth's attorney closed the argument for the State, and the jury proceeded to the "jury-room," where they remained about fifteen or twenty minutes, when they brought in a verdict of not guilty.

Then a great murmur ran through the audience assembled in the court-room, and some began to applaud, but this was stopped by the sheriff very quickly.

Several of the lawyers who were acquainted with Hugh came forward and congratulated him on his effort, and among the first were the Commonwealth's attorney and Hugh's

old friend, Major Brown. The latter grasped Hugh's hand and said, "Well done, my boy; I knew it was in you," and turning around, the Major introduced him to the pretty little widow. This little widow was a Mrs. Strong, who had accompanied Mrs. Brown to the scene of the trial.

Hugh had not met Mrs. Strong before; she was a recent arrival in the town. She overwhelmed him with compliments and best wishes for his continued success, told him where she was stopping, and asked him to call. She was a smart little woman, and was determined to provide, as far as possible, for any and all future contingencies.

Hugh Darnaby said afterwards, relative to his feelings when he got up to make his argument, that he was all right and at his ease after he had glanced up into the gallery and caught a glimpse of Jim's face, for it instantly occurred to him, suppose it was Jim in the place of the prisoner, and I was as well convinced of his innocence as I am of

this man's, what would I do? And it enabled me to so bring the whole matter home, as it were, that I forgot everything except that I was fighting for an innocent man's life, and that in this I had had a sacred trust given to me, and it gave me courage to win.

It was just about this time, when Hugh was gaining in popularity, when business began to come to him quite rapidly, when he had begun to make money more or less rapidly, that his thoughts reverted to Annie Pendleton with some degree of hope in them.

It was when his name was in every mouth, when he was courted and invited to all the social gatherings as the hero of the hour, and, above all, when he began to see his way to a competency, that news came to the effect that Annie Pendleton was married.

In the meantime he had called more than once on Mrs. Strong, and she had used her best endeavors to make those calls pleasant to him, and he was much pleased with her.

But Annie was married. Ah, the knowledge of it coming without any warning struck him like the blight in summer. It spoiled his triumph. What was success to him if he had lost even the possibility of gaining that which was really the great incentive to his exertions?

He had hoped, and waited, and worked for the time to come when he could have something to offer her. He had tried to be patient, and now when the time had actually come when he could speak his love to her in honor it was too late. Oh, the madness of the thought. Oh, the irony of fate, the miserable futility of striving and rebelling against that which had already come to pass.

He saw all this later on, but not now. It was his first great disappointment, his first great sorrow. We never know how much pathos there often is in old familiar quotations until the iron enters our own souls.

Words, words—familiarity with the words so often repeated; words which have become

common property, the mere body from which the soul has been separated, "It might have been"—these words are a commentary on the lives of most of us. Might it not have been? Ask the great Ruler of the universe.

Hugh was at a small social gathering at the house of Major Brown one evening, and some one mentioned the fact of Annie Pendleton's marriage, casually, among other items of news. He never could recollect who it was that told him. He heard it, however, and a real pain shot through his heart as if some one had suddenly thrust a knife into his breast. And very soon after he excused himself and went to the little back room of his office. Once there, shut in from the view of the world, he threw himself upon his cot and gave way to the bitterness of grief. He tried to reproach her in his heart for what she had done, but when he became calmer he saw that he was unjust. He saw that, if for no other reason, she was justified because of his long silence; that it

was quite natural that she should have thought that she had passed out of his life, and, therefore, she was quite right in letting him pass out of hers. Besides, he had really no claim on her fidelity or constancy. 'Tis true that she had given him permission to ask her love when he returned from the war, but the war had been over for some time now, and he had not claimed the right which she had given him.

How was she to know his reasons for not having done so? Even if she had wished to remember, and he could not deny it, she was justified by his seeming indifference. Perhaps if he had spoken or written, things would have been different, but he must now drive such thoughts from him. She was now another man's wife. He felt very desolate though, for this love for Annie Pendleton had sunk deep into his heart. It had grown with him, as he had said. It seemed almost a part of his life. Will the worldly wise and cynical sneer at this deep

love, or deny that there is any such nowadays?

If such be the case I only ask you to lay aside, if possible, the influence of such belief, and to take the trouble to look into the private, the domestic, the inner life of the individuals with whom you come in daily contact. Peradventure, the love which you will find there, the almost absolute forgetfulness of self in many instances, the instances of heroic unseen and unheard-of acts of self-sacrifice, of chivalric manly and womanly devotion, seeking not to be paraded before the world, will make you blush at the consciousness of the hollowness, the rottenness of your own lives, and perhaps cause you to regret the callousness of your own hearts.

But let that pass.

Oh, the inscrutable ways of Providence, which draws the lives of two individuals apart. It seems to be a sad dispensation which briefly admits the brightness of another life, the influence of a presence into our own and then removes it even to the end.

There must be some definite purpose in thus filling up a portion of a life. Listen—the actual presence is gone, but the influence of that presence is felt till death, perchance through eternity. And this would seem to be the reason for that temporary presence, at least it is the only compensation for its removal, the only excuse for its intrusion into our life. Oh, how blind we are, how dim and unsatisfactory are our gropings into the future.

And thus it was with these two lives, and it is a very common thing in this everyday life of ours, they drifted apart.

Annie married a very estimable man, a Doctor Carson. He was very good to her, and she loved him with all her heart, let us hope.

Still, let me ask you, you loving, faithful, tender-hearted women, do you ever entirely forget the man whom you have loved or cared for, years ago perhaps—or who has loved you? Let me ask you, is there not al-

ways a spot more or less tender in your hearts for such, no matter how great and absorbing a love may have come to you later?

Annie Pendleton, or we should say Annie Carson, was a simple, true-hearted woman—many such can be found in our land, thank God—and she did not forget the man who had offered her his love, when it was all he had to offer. She was a true, loving wife nevertheless, and she did not allow the remembrance of him to interfere with the love and duty she had given to her husband.

It seems to be true that we never forget anything. The influence of the least thing that happens to us as we journey on towards that other life beyond goes with us, though it is safest often not to allow our thoughts to linger on some incidents.

Old Mr. Pendleton died about a year after Annie's marriage, and soon after Dr. Carson with his family, moved to Louisville.

During the second year of their marriage a little girl was born to them—a sweet, blue-eyed, dimpled little darling.

After this the Doctor's pecuniary condition began to improve.

They fitted up a nice little cottage on Fourth street, began housekeeping, and Fate seemed to smile on the household.

Dr. Carson went among his patients, studied their ailments, ministered to their comfort and relieved their pain as only one who is thoroughly in earnest in his lifework is enabled to do.

Many a poor sufferer, too poor in this world's goods to pay for a physician's services, was brought back to health and strength by his ministrations.

The result of all this could be clearly foreseen; there were many to rise up and call him blessed. The Doctor became very popular, and especially so among the poor and needy. His practice grew until the proceeds therefrom, notwithstanding his many acts of charity, began to make him well-to-do.

And Annie, his wife, both from the influence of his example and from the natural

Kindliness of her character, and because she took an interest in his work, felt that her views of life were broadening and that her life was growing into something of a knowledge of that love which passeth man's understanding; and she, too, worked among the poor and needy.

While these things were coming to pass their little girl was growing, and the days and the months and the years were passing swiftly away, and now the little girl was four years old, and was becoming dearer still to the hearts of her parents.

Alas, such sunshine and happiness as was theirs seems to be destined not to last in this world. Is it that our God knows that we should probably forget Him amidst our happiness, that he takes it away from us? Is it because He wishes us to be ready and willing to go when He calls, and knows that we shall be unwilling to leave at all? Why, then, taste of Heaven here on earth? Perhaps, though, He means it as a slight forecast of things to come.

I do verily believe that it is intended to be enjoyed by us while it lasts, in all its fullness and without question.

I am not one of those who is afraid to be happy. I am fain to believe that it is not the calm, the fatal calm that comes before the storm, but the changeableness of all things in this life makes us look for the worst, and unavoidably, unreasonably tremble even whilst we enjoy the good.

A few short weeks more of almost perfect peace and contentment and then the Doctor was stricken down. The constant work and anxiety had undermined his constitution—not the strongest at the best. His will was stronger than his physical development.

He had often been exposed to virulent disease, and to physically corrupting influences in his visits to the sick and the miserable.

Hitherto he had been able to withstand the insinuations of disease in his own direction, but at last he was obliged to succumb.

The dread disease, small-pox, had penetrated even beyond the precautions taken to ward it off.

His sickness was of short duration. He lingered only a few days and then he crossed the river to rest beneath "the beautiful shades." His devoted and lovely wife was with him to the last; she could not be kept away from him. She did not take the disease. No; another chapter in her life must be lived.

What pen can picture the pathos, the love, the devotion, the sadness, the sorrow, the wild waves of grief that rise to the heart, the resignation, the fortitude, or the beauty of character which appears at such times and makes up, in great measure, the grandeur of human nature.

What is man that Thou considerest him, or the son of man that Thou visitest him? Ah, human nature has Godlike attributes, and God-given powers and depths of feeling, and we can only point to these when this

question recurs to us and wonder at the same time at the meanness and brutality with which it abounds.

My pen is utterly useless in attempting to trace out the lines of this death scene.

Annie Carson was very desolate after this, and her child, the child of this man who was now dead, became strangely dear to her.

The tendrils of her heart's love grew around the little girl as the moss grows to the rock.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUGH DARNABY AND ANNIE CARSON MEET AFTER
YEARS OF SEPARATION.

It was some time before Hugh Darnaby could become reconciled to the idea of Annie's marriage, but by constant effort and assiduous attention to business, he managed to learn to accept the inevitable. He schooled himself to regard her in his thoughts as belonging to another, and when reports reached him of her happiness, and of the noble and generous character of her husband, he really began to admire Dr. Carson and to love him for her sake, though they had never met. He most certainly rejoiced in her happiness, and after Annie's baby was born he secretly loved the child from the first.

But their real separation now seemed to be complete, and he being frequently thrown

into the company of the pretty and fascinating Mrs. Strong, the little widow who had congratulated him on the success of his first speech, and she being very lovely, and he believing that he loved her as much as he was capable of loving any one now, asked her to be his wife.

At the same time she had another very devoted admirer in the person of the son of one of the wealthiest farmers in the county, so she delayed giving Hugh her answer for a time until after her farmer beau had formally proposed to her, when she very kindly, but firmly, declined Hugh's offer. And within a month after she was married to his rival.

Hugh, indeed, tried to feel very much hurt and disappointed, but he had so recently suffered a real disappointment that one night shortly after the wedding, while lying awake in the silence of his room, he came to the conclusion that he was not near so sorry as he should have been that things had turned out as they had.

He compared his present disappointment with that which he had experienced when Annie Carson had been married, and it struck him that he was not much in love with Mrs. Strong after all. So he concluded that he would not play high tragedy because of her refusal, but would act like the sensible lawyer that he was.

And time went on, carrying him and millions of others on its tide, and many months had been added to the list of those numbered with the past. The year 1872 had come and was already several months old. A little over a year had elapsed since the death of Doctor Carson.

Hugh was in church one Sunday morning—he was commonwealth's attorney now, lately elected. His mind had been occupied with various thoughts as he walked to the church, and even now when he was inside and the services had begun he was somewhat pre-occupied, so that he had not noticed the people as they came in.

Of course, therefore, he had failed to notice the entrance of a lady dressed in mourning with a crape veil drawn over her face. This lady was leading by the hand a singularly beautiful little girl about four or five years old apparently, and they took a seat in the first unoccupied pew, which happened to be just across the aisle and a few seats back from the one which Hugh occupied.

Very handsome he was as he stood with body erect, fully six feet tall, and with the locks of his hair falling slightly disarranged over one side of the forehead. He wore a full beard parted on the chin, and now his head was somewhat inclined forward. His body was well proportioned, he was thirty-five years old at this time, and in the full possession of all his faculties. His finely-balanced mind seemed to shine forth in the thoughtful expression of his face which had become habitual to it in the last year or so.

When the service began the strange lady

in black with the beautiful little girl removed her veil from her face, thereby displaying a countenance of wonderful beauty. The soft, brown hair in lovely waves was brushed plainly back under the bonnet she wore, and the face beneath it was almost perfect in its madonna-like beauty.

People, as they looked, no longer wondered at the exquisite beauty of the little girl; but they were much puzzled to account for the blue eyes and the golden hair which the child possessed.

Hugh, as I have said, was altogether unconscious of the beautiful picture which the mother and child presented.

But she was not unconscious of his presence, for she had glanced up at him as he stood there, tall and handsome, and she had remarked the kind and noble expression of his countenance.

She knew that Hugh Darnaby stood once more before her, although it had been nearly ten years since she had seen him.

But she did not know that the old love for her, though repressed, still lived in his heart, though the quick, warm rush of blood to her own heart warned her that he was not forgotten entirely by her, and in that glance it was revealed to her that the remembrance of their relations of long ago was not dead.

Then, almost instantly, the remembrance of that other man who had been so kind to her, came to her and sent the blood back from her heart and started it rushing wildly through its channels.

Afterwards, as the service proceeded, she seemed to forget self and to enter heart and soul into the worship, the praise and the thanksgiving to Almighty God.

At last an old familiar hymn was announced, and a sweet old tune was started, and as the music rolled upward and around, filling the old church with its melody and its pathos, Hugh Darnaby became conscious of the delicious, rythmical sound of a voice which rose above every other in the build-

ing, and filling his soul with a strange, sweet remembrance. It seemed familiar to him, yet so strangely mellowed and sad.

Was it—could it be hers? He glanced around, and as he did so, his eye rested on the face of the sweet singer.

The same brown eyes which he remembered and loved so well, although he had striven so hard not to love them—he did not wish to forget them—were there, only so sad now, yet so loving and trusting nevertheless. For the time she seemed to be in a realm far beyond this vale of tears; verily she seemed to be singing in the heavenly choir and in the actual presence of the Deity.

Yes, there was no mistake. It was she—Annie Carson—he remembered; but Doctor Carson's wife no longer.

At this thought he could not help that a feeling of joy entered his soul, but it quickly gave way to one of pity and sympathy, for he remembered, also, that she was Doctor Carson's widow if not his wife, and that this

little vision of loveliness at her side was Doctor Carson's child.

From the moment of the recognition of this thought, other thoughts came in quick succession, and he began to soliloquize in this manner. She must have loved him. Yes, she did, or she would never have become Annie Carson, and this seemed to annoy him somewhat, but then he began to respect and reverence that love as he had not done before.

He turned away with a sigh, for in that moment he knew, beyond a doubt, that his love was not dead; that his love for Annie Carson was stronger, purer, and more unselfish than his love for Annie Pendleton had ever been.

He could not concentrate his thoughts on the sermon. He never could afterwards recollect what the text was.

He thought it must have been "love" for his whole being was aglow with that one word.

He sat through the balance of the service wrapped in delicious reverie, though they were somewhat troubled also at times.

He had not been out "home," as he still called the old place, for some time, and he did not know that Mrs. Carson and her little daughter were visiting friends in the old neighborhood, and although the width of a church pew only separated them, as far as actual distance was concerned, they two seemed as far apart as ever.

What should he do? He loved her; he knew it from the time he set eyes on her; yes, and far more than ever before.

But she—how did she regard him? Probably enough she looked upon him as merely an old acquaintance whom chance might cause her to meet again in this neighborhood.

Well, how could he meet her as only a casual acquaintance, and yet what if she were still wedded to a memory?

The services were now over and he must meet her at the door. It was the custom of

the people to exchange greetings at the church door, and almost every one in the congregation knew that Mrs. Carson and Hugh had lived close neighbors before the war, therefore it would be impossible to feign not to recognize her. It would provoke remark and perhaps require explanation if he even seemed to avoid her.

As it happened she was in the vestibule of the church before he came out; but the driver of the vehicle belonging to the friend with whom she came was slow in his movements, and they were, of course, on that account, somewhat delayed in leaving the church. Most of the people had left, though a few still lingered. Two or three of the ladies were talking to and making friends with little Maud Carson.

Slowly and with an expression of countenance sadly belying the cheerful tone of voice with which he greeted the ladies, Hugh came forward with outstretched hand, and said, "How do you do, Mrs. Carson? This is

certainly an agreeable surprise you have given us to-day. I for one had no idea that you were in the neighborhood."

"And this is the little lady I heard singing in church," continued he, turning to Maud, "and what a lovely little lady she is. Wont you speak to me? I used to know your mother when she was no larger than you are."

The little girl looked straight into his eyes, and then with instinctive judgment, so often present with children in making new acquaintances, she went over to him and put her fat, chubby little hand in his, and Hugh had made a new and powerful friend.

Presently, after some further conversation, Hugh said, "I see your carriage is ready; shall I see you safely ensconced in it?"

Mrs. Carson answered, "If you will be so kind, Mr. Darnaby."

And as they walked toward the carriage she spoke again: "Yes, this is my little girl, and she and I have come for a quiet little visit to the country."

She noticed that he turned very pale when he first addressed her, which surprised her somewhat, and she felt that it behooved her to be guarded in her manner toward him lest he should think her already weaned from the memory of her dead husband, and lest he might possibly mistake some action or speech of hers for encouragement to seek to renew their old relations.

She was a widow now, she said to herself, and rather mature in years, and she must maintain the dignity of her position; besides, she had loved her husband while he was living, and she loved his memory now that he was dead. She wished Hugh to see this, and he did see it, and he determined to respect her evident wish in this, in as far as possible. Therefore, without any wish to intrude upon her retirement, but more from politeness, he asked, as they took their seats in "the rockaway," how long she would be in the neighborhood. But before Mrs. Carson could reply her friend said: "We hope

to keep her some weeks at least, Mr. Darnaby, and we should be pleased to have you call before Mrs. Carson leaves." And continuing, she said, "Ah, Mr. Darnaby, you have become so wedded to your profession and to your town life that you have sadly neglected your country friends lately. You know, Mrs. Carson, he has become a regular old bachelor recluse?"

Mrs. Carson hastened to say that although she was not entering into society at all, of course she would be glad to see any of her old friends, and she assured him that it was not at all certain how long her visit would last, and then they drove off.

Hugh felt rather disappointed that her invitation had not been more cordial. He went to his room feeling that he had passed through a very trying ordeal. He was not living in the back room of Major Brown's office now, though they were still the best of friends. He was comfortably ensconced in a private boarding-house, and had an office

of his own, in addition to a snug little sum of money in bank, or otherwise invested.

Now of all things in the world Hugh Darnaby would have liked to have accepted the invitation to call on Mrs. Carson, but after thinking it all over he knew that, if chance so ordered it that he should see her alone, he could not keep the conversation on ordinary subjects, but would be certain to lose his self-control and lay his heart once more at her feet. And this he understood he must not do, at least not yet, or he would destroy any chance of obtaining the fruition of his hopes. He hoped that he might be able to maintain a friendship with Annie Carson, which might in time ripen into something of a warmer nature. He saw that it was quite out of the question to broach the subject next his heart to her, and he determined, finally, that if he called on her it should be formally, and that he would ask at the same time to see the lady of the house. For the present he must love at a distance, and it must be kept to himself.

It was the next Saturday afternoon, after the meeting at the church, that Hugh decided to go "out home" and spend the balance of the day and Sunday there, intending, should the gods favor, to call at Mr. Crawford's, where Mrs. Carson was visiting. The Crawfords' place was not far distant, lying between the Darnabys and the old Pendleton place.

About a quarter of a mile from the Darnaby house ran a little stream of water, and the trees grew thickly along its banks. In places large boulders lay in the shallow water, and mosses clung to the rocks in the shady places. Very cool and pleasant were certain little nooks upon its shores, and sparkling miniature cascades threw their spray into the sunlight and fell in varied-hued specks into the water below.

This little stream crossed the road which lead to town, and then ran past the Darnaby farm, becoming deeper and broader as it went.

The fields and pastures through which it wended its way were thickly dotted with many varieties of wild flowers.

Above the bridge and beyond, it could be crossed by stepping from stone to stone; but below there was only one fording place within a distance of a mile or more from the bridge.

This particular Saturday afternoon was very pleasant out of doors, very pleasant in the sun, but delightful in the shade of the trees.

Annie Carson had always been fond of the country, and especially fond of its outdoor attractions; so this afternoon all the members of the household which she was visiting being occupied, and she being alone with her thoughts and her little girl, a strong desire to go out and enjoy the day took possession of her. She wished to visit some of the old familiar scenes, familiar to her in her childhood, familiar to her in girlhood, and in early womanhood.

She remembered, very distinctly, the little creek of which we have just been speaking. The recollection of more than one picnicing frolic on its banks came to her, as she and her little daughter left the house and turned their footsteps in the direction of the little stream. It was about two o'clock in the afternoon when they left the house, and a few minutes' walk brought them to it, and then they rested beneath the branches of a noble old elm which threw its shadow within a large circumference over the field and stream.

Two boulders, just opposite them in the water confined the stream, for a few feet, to a very narrow channel, and as it came out from between them it fell for a couple of feet into a small basin, which it had scooped out by ages of industry.

The child amused herself for a time by throwing pebbles into the stream, and by watching the ripples they made in the water, as they formed continuously larger and

larger circumferences, until they disappeared altogether. But tiring of this after awhile she launched little chips and pieces of bark on the stream, and it pleased her to see them borne off by the current. Some started down together and were soon carried out of sight, others were almost immediately separated by the force of the current and driven wide apart.

And the mother, half reclining on the grass, was dreaming. In a rather inattentive way she watched the child at play, and saw the launching of the little boats. She noticed, nevertheless, that some of them went all the way down the stream together, side by side, while others drifted apart; others still she saw starting together, then drifting apart, and so sometimes one seemed to be engulfed in the waters, and then soon another little boat came alongside and together these two drifted gaily down the stream out of sight.

And she thought that this might represent life, and how like her own and that of her

husband were the two little boats starting out together, one sinking and the other being borne along on the current, and then she thought of the other little boat drifting along side of the one which was left. But here the similarity ceased, and she did not pursue the thought further, but rose suddenly and called her little girl, saying, "We will go further down the stream where the flowers grow."

They had been out a couple of hours now and still the day was far from done. They had crossed the stream above and were now on the side of it on which the Darnaby farm lay.

They found the flowers growing in profusion. Ah, was she entering the sunny fields of life where the flowers of peace and happiness grew thickly around her path waiting to be plucked and placed in her bosom? Hugh Darnaby had been at the house since the early part of the afternoon, for it was only about a half hour's drive from the

town. His horse had been stabled, he had talked to the grown folks, and had played with Tom's two boys—one about five years old, the other a baby; and now he had gone to walk over the place.

Was the little stream now drifting the two liliputian boats together? It was just as Mrs. Carson and little Maud had concluded to try and cross the stream in order to take a nearer way back to Mr. Crawford's, that Hugh came to the edge of a small piece of woods which skirted the stream.

Mrs. Carson was evidently looking for a place convenient for crossing, and had been disappointed at not finding one.

Hugh saw that in her search she was nearing the woods, so he sat down on a stump of a tree and waited her approach.

Presently when she and Maud were just across the fence from where he sat partially hidden from their view by the thick growth of blackberry bushes in the fence corner, Mrs. Carson was very much startled by

hearing some one say : " Mrs. Carson, I am afraid that you will not find a crossing place nearer than the bridge."

" Oh, Mr. Darnaby," she exclaimed, " you really did startle me, for I thought that Maud and I were in sole possession of this immediate neighborhood. We have been wandering around for some time enjoying this beautiful afternoon, and I thought that if we could cross the stream here it would shorten the distance to Mr. Crawford's considerably."

" And," she hastily added, " it is really time that we were returning."

" I am sorry," said Hugh, " but I am afraid that you will have to return by way of the bridge, and my little lady Maud looks quite too tired to walk all the way, so I expect that I will have to carry her." And turning to the child, he continued, " Don't you want me to carry you a part of the way at least, Maud ? "

" Yes, please," said the little girl, " for I am awful tired."

Mrs. Carson had begun to say that she would not have him take so much trouble, but, seeing that her little girl was really quite tired out, she allowed herself to be voted down.

And so it happened that she and Hugh were destined once again to walk side by side over the old familiar ground.

Many objects of mutual interest were seen as they moved along which served as topics of conversation, and they even ventured to speak of the changes which had taken place in the neighborhood during the years of her absence.

The walk together extended to the Crawford house, and proved very pleasant to them both; for, although Hugh's heart was beating against his ribs at a tremendous rate, he outwardly retained his composure, and she—well, she forgot to be unhappy for the time being.

When they parted at Mr. Crawford's front door Hugh kissed the little girl he had been

holding in his arms—the child of the man who had possessed all of that which he had hoped would be his. One thing she had noticed and appreciated, and that was the tact and delicacy with which he had kept the conversation from drifting into anything of a nature which might in anywise have been painfully embarrassing by becoming too personal.

After he had gone little Maud said to her :
“ Mamma, I like Mr. Darnaby, don't you ? ”

And remembering the kiss he had left on the cheek of her fair child—of her dead husband's child—she answered, “ Yes, baby, he is a good man, and I like him.”

CHAPTER XIV.

MRS. CARSON DECIDES TO RENT A COTTAGE FOR THE
SUMMER IN THE TOWN NEAR HER OLD HOME.

Hugh called once after this during Mrs. Carson's stay at the Crawford's, and soon she and her little girl left for their home in Louisville.

The Doctor had left his wife and child in very comfortable circumstances, and Mrs. Carson was still keeping house, while the Doctor's only sister lived with her.

She made herself busy in works of charity, and, in as far as possible, visited and gave comfort to many of Doctor Carson's old patients, especially to those who were in the humbler walks of life. Many a poor and needy family in Louisville received material aid from her means, and also from her actual personal counsel and assistance in times of distress.

Once during the ensuing winter Hugh was called to Louisville on business, and while there he called on Mrs. Carson. She was very kind and friendly to him, but he could find no encouragement to speak his heart to her.

He was now trying to become reconciled to the belief that his love for her would never reach beyond the bounds of silent adoration, but his heart would still rebel.

He loved her now with all the strength of his matured manhood, and he felt that he could not much longer keep silence.

He, at the same time, respected that love which made her cling to the memory of her dead husband, but he failed signally to reason the matter out in such measure as to make that love preclude and exclude every other for all time.

He did not, however, speak his thoughts on this subject on this visit, though the least encouragement would have tempted him to do so.

The winter passed and the summer came again. These two persons had not seen anything of each other for months, but each had thought of the other.

We know something of Captain Darnaby's thoughts and feelings concerning her, but what were her thoughts regarding him?

Ever since that walk to Mr. Crawford's the summer before it had been known to her that Hugh loved her; that he had never ceased to love her; that he was ready to offer her a noble, unselfish, manly love whenever he saw that it might not be distasteful to her. And she knew and acknowledged that she had loved him once in spite of all hindrances to the consummation of that love. But now, how was it? Lately she again began to feel that she loved him; loved him with a new, a holier, a more absorbing love than that with which she had loved him in the early days; but she would not yet acknowledge it to herself. Ah, was this treason to that other love?

She could not tell, she feared that it was, and she thought that if she once acknowledged this new love, even to herself, she must despise herself.

But it had come to her, she knew not how or why. She had not sought it, it had not sought her. It had just come to her, God knows how, and that was all she could say.

We mortals can no more explain the beginning of this kind of love than we can unravel any other of the mysteries of eternity.

If he were to ask her to marry him now, she would probably refuse to do so, and deny her own heart, not because she did not love Hugh Darnaby, but because, as she put it to herself, she could not and would not forget her dead husband's love, and she could not reconcile the two. Was ever a poor woman so perplexed?

No mortal being beside herself knew of these thoughts. She only admitted as much as we have intimated to herself, because she could not help it, and because she felt that

she must think out her course for the future, for she knew that unless Hugh's character had changed very materially since both of them had grown older, he would not keep silent much longer, and she felt that when he spoke she must make a decision which would probably be final.

It was during the early part of the summer of which we have spoken as having already come that her sister-in-law married, thereby breaking up the housekeeping arrangements which had existed for some time, and Mrs. Carson was again left alone with the exception of her little daughter. She did not care to remain comparatively unprotected in a large city, so, as she thought, some change must be made.

She was still young, comparatively rich, and exceedingly pretty, and consequently she was not without suitors for her hand. She was really in something of a quandary, for she did not desire the attentions of gentlemen, and hoping to rid herself of their

importunities, for a time at least, and having convinced herself that Maud looked rather pale and needed country air, she concluded that she would accept once more the invitation of Mr. and Mrs. Crawford to visit them. She thought that she would stay with them until she could secure a house in town or in the country where she could spend the summer.

So it happened that Hugh was again surprised to hear from his brother Tom's wife, who obtained her information from Mrs. Crawford, that Mrs. Carson would be on a visit to the latter in a few days, and that if she could secure the rental of a house she would remain for the balance of the summer after her visit to the Crawfords was over.

Hugh's heart leaped to his mouth. Was fate about to be propitious? Was she not directing events into a channel which might possibly result in his being frequently in Mrs. Carson's company?

Mrs. Carson and Maud, who, by-the-by,

was something over five years old, now arrived, as was expected, and Hugh soon after made it convenient to call.

Mrs. Carson told him that she wished to secure a house for the summer in the neighborhood, or at least in town, and very naturally, as a matter of friendship merely, of course, he offered to try to find one for her. He was peculiarly persevering and persistent in his efforts to do so, and finally he was successful. He found a nice little cottage situated on the outskirts of the town, and engaged it for her at a fair rental. It could be rented for three months with the refusal of a year's time. To live here would be like living in town and in the country at the same time, for the house was set in a perfect garden of flowers. Blossom-bearing bushes and shrubs and plants of many varieties grew up to the very windows, and at this time were in full bloom.

A small house it was, only six rooms, with an acre of ground belonging to the domain,

and as neat as a new pin from garret to cellar, and freshly painted also. It was a perfect little gem of a place. And having secured the rental of it he drove Mrs. Carson in one sweet summer day to see it and to let him know if it suited her, before the bargain was closed.

She did like it, and as she was passionately fond of flowers she was more than pleased, and the place did look so neat and homelike.

So the bargain was closed that afternoon, and afterwards, when she was settled in the house, she found that she was more contented, happier, in fact, than she had been since her husband's death.

And, in passing, let me tell you another thing concerning her; she was not only fond of flowers, but was passionately fond of music. And the sweet odors from the flowers and the sweet sounds of music never failed to touch a pathetic chord in her nature and fire her soul with heavenly thoughts and aspirations.

And why should she not be comparatively happy at least? Here were flowers in profusion, music she could have at her pleasure, for she was a fine performer on the piano. Her music was always from the heart—from the soul; she loved it and it was good.

Then she had her little girl, whom she loved devotedly, with her, and she was among friends and acquaintances whom she was fond of, and who loved her. In fact, she felt at home once more; then what more in reason could she ask?

But while the moving and preparations for the occupation of the cottage were going on, Hugh thought that it was incumbent on him, acting for Mrs. Carson in this matter, to see to many little things which needed a man's supervision. The consequence was he got into the habit of dropping in at the cottage during the evening to see what progress was being made in the preparations; and this habit seemed to have taken such a hold upon him that it clung to him until the

last chair had been placed in position and the last tack had been driven.

Mrs. Carson did not encourage these visits any more than politeness seemed to compel her to do, but she did not see any way to refuse his proffered services without being rude, and Hugh did not intend that she should find any excuse for declining them.

Had he not been very kind to them? Had he not secured the house for them? Had he not tried to make everything as pleasant as possible? It was quite natural that he should wish to note the progress in and the results of the experiment. Besides, it would be extremely ungrateful, not to say impolite, not to invite Mr. Darnaby to call.

Thus ran her thoughts, and thus, in part, argued he to himself, without consciously recognizing the fact that he was doing so.

These days passed swiftly and pleasantly by, and Mrs. Carson had become used to and almost reconciled to Hugh's frequent presence at the cottage, for he had been very

careful not to touch on any tacitly forbidden subject. In fact, when he failed to come, as it sometimes happened, for a day or so at a time, she felt his absence; something seemed to be lacking in the full complement of the day.

Maud missed the romp which she always had with him when he came. Still Annie Carson was not altogether satisfied with the relationship which had seemed to have grown so naturally, so unostentatiously, so easily between them.

It gave her an uneasy feeling, but, on the whole, it was pleasant.

One lovely day in the latter part of August they were walking together in the garden near the rustic arbor which was well hidden from the street by the bushes and vines growing over it and over the fence. It was Saturday, and toward the close of the day. Captain Darnaby had finished his day's work and had dropped in to spend an hour before going to his boarding-house.

Little Maud was sitting on one of the benches just outside of the arbor twining wreaths made with the vine slips and roses which lay on the bench beside her, each slip and each flower awaiting its turn to be made useful in her work, or to be thrown aside at the caprice of the young lady.

She and "Uncle Hugh," as she called him, had become very great friends. He had taught her to call him thus, out of mere sport; but she had taken it seriously, and had strictly adhered to this manner of addressing him ever since.

"Uncle Hugh," she now exclaimed, "come here; I have a beautiful rose for you." And he obeyed the summons.

She stood up on the bench, reached up as he stood in front of her, and pinned the flower on his coat.

"And what shall I give Maud for such a pretty rose," said he. As quick as thought she tip-toed and put up her pretty little mouth for a kiss. Hugh kissed the rosy

lips, and picking her up ran off with her around the walks. They had quite a romp together before he brought her back to the arbor where the mother sat looking on and smiling. And she could not help thinking, "He would be very good and loving to my little girl."

In fact, the little girl had learned to love "Uncle Hugh" very much, and "Uncle Hugh" had become very fond of the bright little face and charming ways of his playmate. At last, tiring of the sport, she asked to be put down, and ran to the kitchen to beg a piece of bread and jam from the cook.

Mandy, with whom we made acquaintance on the day Jim left Mr. Darnaby for the war, was ensconced in the kitchen as presiding genius there. She and Jim were married now and were living in the town. Jim was just as fond as ever of Mars Hugh, as he still called him, and it was through Hugh's procurement that Mandy was now in the employ of Mrs. Carson.

She had almost unconsciously gotten into the habit of depending on him for the general direction of the strictly business affairs of her little household. This direction was done on his part in the way of advice, and it was accepted by her as suggested. And—well he was a lawyer, and we all know that a woman dependent on herself needs the advice of a business man, and why not Captain Darnaby, who was thoroughly capable and honest.

After the little girl had gone into the house for the bread and jam Hugh sat down on the bench strewn with flowers to rest after his romp. Mrs. Carson also happened to be sitting on the bench, and as Hugh sat there fanning himself with his hat, he thought that she had never looked so lovely or so lovable. The same brown hair as of yore, with the ringlets brushed into a wavy mass from her forehead, and the same brown eyes, except that the depths in them seemed to hold deeper feeling and thought, were there before him.

He broke the silence presently with the question, "Do you know, Mrs. Carson, how I knew first that you were in the church the Sunday we met last summer?"

"No," said she, "I do not, unless it was that you saw me."

"No," returned he, "it was not in that way that I became aware of your presence. My back, of course, was turned to the door, and I was not expecting to see you at all, but I heard your voice as you sang, heard it rising far above the rest of the voices, and sweeter than any."

She looked up at him quickly and turned pale. He saw the expression in her face and noted the pallor, but he went on—it seemed impossible not to speak now that he had begun.

"At first," he continued, "it came to me as a memory of something pleasant that I had known. The tones were familiar as if they had been heard in my dreams. But, as I have said, not knowing that you were

within a hundred miles' distance of the old church, I could not believe that I was listening to and actually hearing the voice which I had never for a moment forgotten; but then it seemed too real to be a dream. And then I looked around and saw you."

"Does it seem strange to you that I, a man of the practical everyday world, felt a warm glow in my heart? Does it sound foolish and sentimental when I tell you that life, for me, lost much of its sombre character in that moment, and that the whole place grew brighter? It is, nevertheless, the truth, Annie Carson."

She began to flush as he uttered these words, and a lovely blush spread all over her face and down her neck until it was lost among the ruffles of her frilled collar.

He spoke so rapidly that she had no chance of interrupting him.

"No, Annie Carson," he continued vehemently, "I have not forgotten that voice, nor have I forgotten any of the incidents of the

old days when I used to hear it quite often, before—before we both went away from the old life.”

As he spoke he drew from his pocket a much faded pink ribbon.

“This,” he continued, holding it up before her, “was the talisman which accompanied me in many a trying hour, and the recollection of the words spoken when it came into my possession upheld me in the face of death.” He paused for breath, and she, taking advantage of the opportunity, hastened to say, “And why do you recall those days and the words then spoken, Captain Darnaby? Don’t you think it would be better to let them stay buried in that past, or do you wish to reproach me with what has happened since? I, too, remember what was spoken on the night before you left for the war, but have you no reproach for yourself, in that things turned out as they did afterwards?”

“No,” answered he, “I do not think it best to keep silent, but, of course, I do not presume

to criticise your action in any respect whatever." Then he explained to her the reasons which had deterred him from taking advantage of her permission to renew his suit for her hand after his return from the army.

"Our friendship is very pleasant as it is," he continued, "but you know it cannot continue on the same basis that it has since you came back to us, because I love you and must tell you so. I spoke of those old times because I loved you then and because I thought that you cared something for me, and because I do not see any just reason for your not giving me your love now if you care for me in that way. I have striven against the utterance of this love for you, wishing to save you any possible annoyance or discomfort, but it would not down, and the knowledge of it has been the sweetest, the holiest thing in life to me." He hesitated, but she made no reply, then he resumed: "I did not mean to speak at this time, but as I looked on your sweet face after my romp

with Maud, it burst irresistibly from me. I know and respect your deep and lasting love for your husband's memory, and I love to think and to know that while he lived you were a good and loving wife to him."

She seemed about to speak, but he did not stop.

"I know what you would say, but I cannot see that this love, this inordinate sense of obligation, should bind you forever and prevent you from accepting the honest love of any other man. I have not asked you to love me, but I know that if you love me at all it is with your whole heart and nature. I would not ask or wish you to forget or to cease to love and respect the memory of your dead husband. I never knew him personally, but I can love his virtues and respect his character, and I do. I do not believe, Annie, that you are altogether indifferent to me. Am I wrong in this? Your answer to this will mean a great deal to me. I think I know your thoughts in respect to

your husband, and your ideas relating to certain things which you regard as obligations, and it was in the hope of dissuading you from the exaggeration of these ideas that I have referred to this phase of the matter. If I have gone too far, forgive me, for I would not say a word to hurt you for a great deal. But when a man is pleading for his life's happiness he may unconsciously be led into indiscretions of speech and action in his great earnestness.

"Allow me to say—I speak impersonally now as far as I myself am concerned—I fear that your sense of duty and obligation has grown morbid, and that it may cause you to reject many chances of happiness which may come to you for acceptance."

He paused at last, and she hastened to say, "It would be untrue, Captain Darnaby, if I should declare that I am indifferent to your regard for me. I do feel honored in that you have offered me your love, for I believe that it is honorable and true. I

think that when an honest man offers a woman an honest and honorable love he pays her the greatest compliment in his power. Still I cannot but be sorry that you have spoken, Hugh, and yet I am glad. It cannot be as you wish, but still I will be candid with you, and will say as I could wish also. We cannot seem to think alike in regard to one matter which you have mentioned. And, thinking as I do, I could not accept your love and be true to myself. As you say our relations lately have been very pleasant and very innocent, and, of course, in so far as I am concerned, we shall still be good friends. I do not wish to even seem to treat you with indifference, but you understand that now we cannot maintain the same close and outward relationship which we have up to this time. The only excuse, if excuse we needed, for the same, is now gone. People have already begun to talk of the frequency of your visits to the cottage and to speculate on the results. I learned

this much through some words of Mandy's, but I did not have the heart to speak to you about the matter. Besides, I was at a loss as to know how to approach you upon the subject without taking too much for granted."

"Then," interrupted he, "I am not mistaken in hoping and believing that you do care for me? And," taking her hand, he drew her to him, saying, "A fig for what people say."

The barrier was down, she could not resist him longer, and unresistingly, scarcely audibly, she whispered, "I do love you, Hugh, God forgive me if I do wrong in telling you so."

They were standing now, and, imprinting a kiss on her forehead, he said, "My poor girl, do you think that I will press you to give me that which you cannot give willingly? No, a thousand times no; but don't you think that you could be happy as my wife?"

She spoke with difficulty in reply, "Not now, Hugh—I cannot just yet. I hope it may be so at some time."

At this juncture Maud came running into the garden with the slice of bread and preserves which she had gone foraging for. "Uncle Hugh" she cried as she came toward them, "have some of my bread and zerbs." He waited until she reached him, took her up, pretended to eat a piece of the bread, kissed her gravely, lovingly, and, saying "Good-night" to her mother, was gone.

As Annie Carson walked into the house, a belated bird came flying to roost in the honey-suckle bush by the door, and after twittering its hasty evening prayer, sank to rest near the nest which he and his mate had built earlier in the summer.

CHAPTER XV.

IN WHICH IS GIVEN A DESCRIPTION OF THE
COUNTY FAIR.

A week had passed since the events chronicled in the latter part of the last chapter had transpired, and the great event of the year was already begun—the county “Agricultural Fair.”

It was here that the fine stock raisers entered their animals in competition one with another, and the owner of the one, in any particular ring, which bore the “blue ribbon” therefrom felt very proud indeed. This “blue ribbon” represented to the assembled spectators that the animal on which it was tied was the best styled, the nearest to perfection in physical beauty of its kind which had competed. This animal had taken “the premium,” and its owner was substantially benefited thereby, for the

value of the animal was immediately enhanced, as well as that of the entire family to which it belonged.

It was at the county fair that the well kept, comfortably fed "Short-Horn" cattle, with pedigree as long as that of an English lord, were to be seen in perfection, and less frequently the mild-eyed Jersey or Alderney made its slow way into the show ring inside of the amphitheatre. Here the fast trotting horses, or the beautiful "gaited" animals for which Kentucky is noted were to be found in graceful competition, and as some favorite horse or rider moved around the outer edge of the ring a shout of encouragement or admiration would go up from the throats of the occupants of the tiers of seats beneath the roof of the amphitheatre.

Here, also, the youth and beauty of Kentucky, in human form, as well as the middle-aged and gray-haired, was assembled.

To one who for the first time attends one of these fairs it is a very interesting as well

as a rather bewildering sight ; the hundreds and even the thousands of people gathered from far and near, the brass band occupying the elevated stand in the centre of the amphitheatre doing its best to be heard above the hubbub of the myriad of voices, and other commingling of sound, the neighing of the horses, the bellowing of the kine, the bleating of the sheep, the confusion of the vendors crying out the excellency each of his particular ware, the snap of the target-gun, and above all the sharp shrill voice of the man with the wheel of fortune, where any one and all so disposed might gamble away his hard-earned or easy-earned money, it mattered not which to the man turning the wheel, who would sing out untiringly, "Let her go round and round, always once, and sometimes twice, and who's on the lucky red"—all these things, I say, served to confuse as well as to interest.

On the grounds belonging to the Agricultural Association in the county in which

Hugh Darnaby lived, and not far from the amphitheatre, stood, at the time of which we are writing, a large round building called the Floral Hall, furnished with shelves and spaces set apart for the use of those having displays of cut flowers, and various farm products raised in that part of the country. Here were to be seen vegetables and fruit and grain, pumpkins that would rival in size the one celebrated in the story of Cinderella, corn, melons, and potatoes weighing several pounds apiece.

Here, also, were displayed crazy quilts, piece quilts, fancy and plain sewing, hand-sewed and machine-sewed, paintings in oil and in water colors, drawings, both pencil and crayon, butter fresh and yellow just from the dairy; and, in fact, everything which would represent the industry and the handiwork of the people of that part of the country.

Some five or six years after the late Civil War these agricultural fairs were at the

height of their popularity in Central Kentucky, and almost every county in that part of the State had its fair.

Afterwards the race tracks and "Grand Stands" took the place of the "Old Amphitheatre," and something of the morale was thereby lost, and now the fairs themselves have about ceased to exist.

Most of the time during fair week the Floral Hall, of which mention has been made, used to be filled with laughing crowds, for most of the people went to the fair to enjoy themselves, and the strains of beautiful music from the string band, which was stationed in the centre of the building, surrounded by the display of exquisite flowers, was very enticing, very liable to soothe, very certain to please.

Everybody from the country round about brought "dinner" along, and toward noon hundreds of picnicking parties were scattered over the grounds under the shade of the trees.

At first, and for years, every one picked on the ground in true democratic simplicity, but at the time of which we are writing these fairs had become to be of great social importance.

Men of note, not only at home, but men of note from abroad, from other States and distant cities, were attracted to the fairs, and began to make them the occasions for the renewal of that social intercourse which comes only occasionally to those who are separated most of the time by great actual distance.

The sister States, both north of the Ohio river as well as those west of the Mississippi, and also those east of the Allegheny mountains, sent their daughters to these fairs.

The old State of Kentucky had begun to recover from the effects of the war, and one of her first feelings was that she must provide for the entertainment of these guests. The old spirit of antibellum hospitality was not dead—only it had been dormant and very

greatly crippled. So it came to pass that most of the officers of the different fair associations, who were generally men of wealth, and a good many of the other richer folk, built themselves "booths"—that is, long-sided, shingle-roofed buildings, furnished with a long table extending up and down the middle of the building, and benches alongside of the walls, with a kitchen attached.

These booths were generally permanent buildings, standing unused during the whole of the year, except on the days when the county agricultural fair was in progress; but on those days the most abundant and costly spreads were displayed on these board tables, and served to the guests from spotless linen, often by as fair white hands as ever were delicately skilled in the art of cookery.

But why do I linger in the description of those days? Because I wish those who may chance to read these pages to understand, in as far as it is possible for me to bring before them the pictures of such

scenes as they remain in my mind, the manners and customs of the people among whom Hugh Darnaby and Annie Carson lived and moved and had their being, and perhaps a few tender recollections of my own hover around these times, and make me loath to pass over them too hurriedly.

However, it was the gala week of the year. I write of the good old times, and much more might be said, but I desist. Things may be just as pleasant now; I am sure I hope so. Alas, I am afraid that such retrospection is a sure sign of approaching old age. Well, so let it be.

CHAPTER XVI.

A SCENE AT THE COTTAGE OF MRS. CARSON.

After Captain Hugh Darnaby had gone from Mrs. Carson's house on the Saturday evening heretofore spoken of, she managed to drag through the balance of the evening until Maud was put to bed and Mandy had left for the night. Then she went to her room, and until late into the night she sat or walked the floor, torn by conflicting thoughts and emotions. At one time she would give herself up to happy reverie, and she would almost determine that if fate should so decree she would marry Hugh Darnaby without further struggle.

"Love him"? she said more than once. Yes, she loved him with her whole heart. She knew it at last, beyond a doubt.

But as she uttered the acknowledgment of it there seemed to fall a hand upon her

shoulder, and a voice seemed to whisper in her ear, "You are mine. Be true, be true." And frightened and distressed, she crouched, shivering, close into the ample and easy chair by the side of her baby's bed. And there she slept. She had indeed grown morbid.

She was persuaded by her friend, Mrs. Crawford, to go out to the fair grounds on Thursday of the next week, the day on which the gaiety and success of the week reached its climax, and there she saw everybody enjoying themselves, and met many of her old acquaintances, even coming across a one-time schoolmate now and then, who had married and moved away from the county.

She forgot herself entirely for the time being, and the consequence was that she was happy, very much, 'tis true, through sympathy with the mood of others.

When about leaving the grounds she and Mrs. Crawford accidentally met Hugh Darnaby, who walked to their carriage with them

and assisted them into it. They were together but a very few minutes, still it was long enough for Maud to ask "Uncle Hugh" why he had not been to see them. He made some evasive answer, but Mrs. Crawford, who was interested in these two friends of hers, had been watching, quietly but approvingly, the intimacy which seemed to have been growing up between them during the summer, thought that she saw something was the matter here. She was a true friend of Mrs. Carson, and called on her some days after this, and in her quiet and gentle way she managed to find out how the matter stood, and before the call was over gave Mrs. Carson some very sensible and plain talk, which bore its fruit in due season as all sensible words do.

Fair time was even a more propitious time for match making than Christmas, and all such arrangements for this year had been made, and things in general had settled down to their usual quiet and uneventful

tenor, and still Captain Darnaby had not put in an appearance at the Carson cottage, to Maud's great disgust. Mrs. Carson was really very miserable during this time, for while she did not think that she could marry Hugh, she was not willing to lose his friendship if it was possible to retain it. As he had not been to call at the cottage since that last Saturday evening, she was afraid that she had offended him, that she had driven him away, and woman-like she was sorry for it, for she had not meant to be unkind.

She had intended to be very firm, to tell him that though she loved him she could not marry him, that she felt almost that it was a kind of sacrilege to confess even to herself that she loved again, though she could not help it. And yet she felt that she had failed to make him understand her ideas in this regard very fully. She knew that she had given him some reason to hope that at some time in the future she might marry him; this she had not intended; but that

strange inconsistency of woman made her glad that she had.

In fact, Mrs. Carson had arrived at that condition of mind in which she did not know what was the right thing to do, though she knew full well what she wanted to do ; consequently, she was about as miserable as could be. She had about reached that point when a very little thing might change the current of her life.

A little sound, judiciously administered common-sense advice often does a deal of good in such cases, and it was given in this instance by Mrs. Carson's friend, Mrs. Crawford, who, stopping at the cottage on her way to town one afternoon about this time, told Mrs. Carson that in the first place she was allowing the sense of obligation to her husband's memory to become greatly exaggerated ; that she was young yet and that in all human probability the larger proportion of her life was before her, and that she owed it to herself to try to make it

as happy as possible. And that in the next place her little girl was already very fond of Hugh, and that he loved Maud for the child's own sake as well as for her mother's sake, and that she should take this into consideration also.

She told Mrs. Carson that her nature, though strong in some respects, was so womanly that it needed the protection and guidance of a strong arm and a loving heart; that she was eminently fitted, to make any man happy, and that her whole heart seemed to rejoice in the idea of home; that she was thoroughly acquainted with the generous, manly heart which was offered her, and that she was throwing away the greatest chance of happiness of her life.

"I say all this, Annie," said Mrs. Crawford finally, "because I think that I understand your nature pretty well, and his also, and because I believe that what I have said is all true, and will be for your good."

"Mollie," answered Mrs. Carson, after

having presented all of what seemed to her to be the objections to Mrs. Crawford's theory, "my heart goes out to him with all the love which is in it, but my sense of duty, my ideas of loyalty, seem to restrain my desire. I have a fear that I would be doing my husband's memory a wrong. But why even talk of what was a possibility, for he has evidently accepted what he considered a refusal. He has not been here since—for nearly two weeks—and you know he used to come to the cottage every day or so."

"Yes, I know," said Mrs. Crawford, "and you miss him, too, don't you, my dear? Well, be patient, and he will come back again, or I don't know anything about man's nature."

Nevertheless, another week went by, and another, and still another—and the month was gone, and the lovely October was come again, and it was about time that Mrs. Carson was thinking of giving up the dear little cottage and going back to the city.

The thought of leaving it made her very sad, for it had become very much like home to her, and as the days advanced the certainty that she must soon give it up oppressed her as if she was about to bury another one of her loved ones.

She began to look very seriously into the future, and she saw how lonely and loveless, save for the love of her little girl, it would be for her.

Ere many years had passed even that love would be at least divided with some one else. It would be claimed by some one else, and the depth, the strength of it would have gone to that other one in a closer relationship than even that of a mother's.

She saw herself an old woman tottering alone in her son-in-law's house perhaps, still alone and traveling through old age to the grave. For no amount of wealth can purchase that companionship which is so agreeable and acceptable to the old, and no amount of kindness and consideration can

compensate for the absence of it, for it is only found when two loving hearts grow old together.

Ah, she was very sad and melancholy as she stood at the street gate on this particular evening in early October, standing there in the twilight dreaming sorrowfully, thinking, yearning longingly for she knew not what. Often our souls go grasping after something into the "unknown" which our minds know not of. And as she stood thus there approached the form of a man coming along on the sidewalk in her direction.

It proved to be Captain Hugh Darnaby, who bowed as he was passing, merely saying "Good evening, Mrs. Carson."

"Good evening, Captain Darnaby," she replied, and she saw that he was passing on without anything further, and a great wave of indignation came surging from her heart to her brain.

Suddenly he turned and walked back to where she stood, and spoke again. "Mrs.

Carson, it occurred to me as I was about to pass on that the lease on the cottage here will soon expire, and I thought that I would inquire if you wished to keep it longer. The owner of the property, whose agent I am, spoke to me about the matter as I came up the street from the depot, and as I acted, *de facto*, as your agent also when you rented the house, he naturally spoke to me for information as to your intentions relative to keeping the house or not keeping it longer. If, however, you would rather see him yourself, I will tell him to call whenever it will be convenient to you for him to do so, otherwise I shall take pleasure in acting as your agent still, and will make any arrangement with him which you may desire."

"I shall be greatly obliged to you, Captain Darnaby, if you will speak to the owner for me, and say to him that I am really sorry, but that I shall have to give the cottage up at the expiration of the lease."

"Very well, Mrs. Carson, I shall tell him

what you say immediately, for I know he wishes to have time to make other arrangements by the time you vacate.

And here the conversation seemed to have reached a natural termination; still he seemed loath to leave, and suddenly he broke in with—I have been away for a couple of weeks, attending court in — county, which belongs to this circuit, and I just returned this evening.”

And there was another pause, and she said not a word, for not yet was she mollified.

Then he continued, for he was puzzled at her manner, “For ten days previous to that time I was sick in bed, and”—but that sentence was never finished.

A soft sigh of relief forced itself through Mrs. Carson’s lips.

It was not then on account of indifference that he had absented himself from the cottage for so long a time, nor was it that he was offended with her.

“Sick, Captain Darnaby,” said she hastily, “I am very sorry to hear it. I did not know

it before. You should have let your friends known."

And just at this juncture a little voice sounded from the yard, "Oh, 'Uncle Hugh,' is it you? Oh, I am so glad. Mama, make him come into the house for I want to show him my new doll carriage. Why didn't you come to see Maud, Uncle Hugh? We have been awful lonesome, and Mama thought that maybe you were mad."

"You little darling," said he, "have you been lonesome? 'Uncle Hugh' has been sick, and has been away from town, too. Do you think that I would have forgotten my little friend?"

And he picked her up, as she threw the gate open and ran to him, and stepped into the yard.

Mrs. Carson then turned to him and said, "Captain Darnaby, you must come in and see Maud's new carriage."

And he went. Was it fate? Very little things often change the whole course of our lives.

CHAPTER XVII.

IN WHICH HUGH DARNABY RECEIVES HIS
REWARD.

Maud brought out her carriage for inspection, showed it to Hugh, insisted on his admiring the trimmings, etc., and then they had a play together, until finally, the little girl became tired and crept up beside him on the sofa, and asked him to tell her a story. And, obedient to the young lady's wishes, he proceeded to weave for her one of the most wonderful fictions that was ever woven into a story from the brain of man. But at last, although the interest of the story was well sustained throughout its entire length, the small listener fell asleep with her tired little head laying upon his arm.

Oh, what a lovely picture they made. The mother watched it, and as she did so a bright light came into her eyes, and a look

of contentment spread over her countenance, and a feeling of rest and contentment took possession of her heart.

Hugh Darnaby had no excuse for staying now, except that he did not wish to disturb the sleeping child. He glanced down at her face—a smile was playing over it—she was dreaming pleasant dreams. He gently laid her head upon the cushions, and bending over her kissed her, then turning around and facing the mother he was about to say, “I have no further excuse for staying, and I suppose I must go.” But, seeing the large tears like mammoth dew-drops glistening in her eyes, and seeing that an almost heavenly light shone over her countenance, he stepped toward her—irresistibly impelled to do so.

He approached her feeling that she was some holy thing. The purest, strangest feeling that he had ever experienced took possession of him as he leaned over the back of the chair in which she sat—and pressed a kiss on her forehead.

"Annie"—and this was all he said.

"Oh, Hugh," she cried, "take me if you will. I love you; be a father to my fatherless child." And she rose from the chair and walked over to the sofa on which her little daughter was sleeping. And Hugh followed her and stood beside her, and they two, as they stood looking upon the child, made their vows.

"My darling," murmured he, while clasping her to him with a sudden rush of feeling—and the soft tresses of her beautiful brown hair fell upon his shoulder, and the tender light of a great love and content settled over them both.

Sweet Annie Pendleton—sweet Annie Carson, your cup of life's happiness will soon be full.

Hugh Darnaby, blessed an hundredfold by the love of a pure and honest woman, guard and keep the sacred trust which God has confided to you, with loving faithfulness.

That was indeed an holy hour at the cot-

tage, and we cannot further intrude on its sacredness.

As Captain Hugh Darnaby opened the front gate some little time afterwards on his way to his apartments, and Mrs. Carson was standing in the front door, he called back, "Oh, by the way, shall I tell Mr. Brown that you have concluded to keep the cottage?"

"Yes," she answered, "if you please; it is such a dear little place after all—and don't you think it would be very convenient to your business?"

"Indeed I do," said Hugh in reply, "and we must keep it."

And so they did, and before many months were gone Hugh bought the place, and here at last he and Annie built their little home, and again that spring the little birds mated and occupied the nest in the honeysuckle vine near the corner of the porch.

A few days after Hugh and Annie had decided to keep the cottage, Maud stoppe

from her play long enough to tell Mrs. Crawford, who was paying a short visit to Mrs. Carson, that "'Uncle Hugh' is going to be my new papa, and won't that be jolly?"

And early in December Hugh and Annie were made man and wife.

And now, if the reader will permit, we will pause to catch a breath before commencing another, and the last chapter.

CHAPTER XVIII.

IN WHICH THE READER IS INTRODUCED TO TOM BOWLING, THE CELEBRATED RACE HORSE, AND IN WHICH OUR STORY CLOSES.

After his marriage Hugh's practice began to increase very rapidly, and it extended even into the other counties of the judicial district in which he lived, so that he was away from home quite often on business connected with the different courts. Sometimes he took his wife with him, and it so happened that it was in the month of May, after his marriage, that he was in Lexington for a day or so on business. His wife had accompanied him, in order that she might pay a visit to some friends living in that city, and they were stopping at the Phoenix Hotel.

Mrs. Darnaby noticed that the hotel was pretty well filled, and that a goodly number of men were standing in groups on the side-

walk in front of the hotel, apparently in earnest, and often excited, conversation.

At first she wondered what had drawn such a crowd; but then she remembered, and exclaimed to herself, "the races, of course."

Yes, the spring races had begun, and one of the principal and most noted events of that section of the country was in progress at Lexington.

This event had brought together many people, not only from every part of the State, but also not a few from distant sections of the country, who had come to see the offspring of noble sires and rich-blooded dams whirl around the track in competitive trials of speed. And there would not be wanting a few of the veterans of the turf in evidence also. Short distance, and long distance races were to be run. The stables of Harper, Magrath, Sanford, and others would be represented here.

The small-ankled, trim-limbed, graceful

colts, with dilated nostrils and flashing eyes, and with pedigrees as long as the moral law, would be there, ready and anxious to prove their lineage by worthy deeds.

Yes, they were there to prove themselves worthy scions of a noble race, or else to be relegated to the drudgery of the plow and the farm wagon. And when the race was over, some there were who, with a proud and scornful toss of the head, trotted to the stable amid the deafening huzzas of the excited crowd, wearing, metaphorically speaking, triumphant laurel crowns, and sniffing the air with the consciousness of a task well done.

But there were still others on whom had been pronounced the "Mene, mene, tekél upharsin" of the judges, and they passed out of sight with bowed heads, with veins swelled with the exertion so recently undergone, yet stepping with that grace which comes only to those in whose veins courses good blood.

And the thought would come, as one looked into those eyes, that a noble regret, a deep humility, mingled with an appeal for sympathy, shown from them.

In those days many men of stability of character, and whose standing in the community in which they lived could not be questioned, were wont to relieve the tedium of business with a day's recreation at the races now and then. And even the ladies in considerable numbers frequently graced the "grand stand" by their presence, and lent an air of refinement to the occasion.

Of course, there was much that was coarse connected with these events, but the "sport," pure and simple, was ennobled in many ways at that time and in that locality.

Often a pool was bought by the gentlemen attending; sometimes a bet was made with another gentleman, or a pair of kid gloves or a box of handkerchiefs were wagered with some member of the fair sex.

On this particular May morning, about

eleven o'clock, Hugh Darnaby returned to the hotel, found his wife, and asked her if she would not like to go out to the race-track that afternoon and see the celebrated Tom Bowling run in a three-mile race.

She hesitated at first, not being altogether easy in her conscience as to the orthodoxy of the ethics of the race-track, but upon being assured that the best people in Lexington often attended the races, and that many of them, both ladies and gentlemen, would surely be there on this particular day, she consented, with the understanding that Mr. and Mrs. Todd, the friends whom she came to visit, would accompany them.

So they took a carriage and drove to the track after dining at the hotel. And it must be confessed that besides wishing to please her husband she had a desire to see a great horse run, for the reputation of the "runners" of Kentucky is dear to the heart of every Kentucky man and to that of most Kentucky women. And what man, woman,

or child in the State had not heard of Tom Bowling, and what one of them, deep down in his heart, did not wish to see him, to watch his lengthy leaps, to see him settle down to business and proceed to annihilate distance?

What one of them but what would have wondered at the ease and grace with which he assumed that seemingly easy swing, and set the pace which sent him under the string a winner.

McGrath had two starters in the three-mile race on this afternoon, one a very dark brown mare, Kate, and the other Tom Bowling.

It was booked for the mare to win the race, if possible, but if it was not possible for her to do so, then Tom was to pull ahead and win. Bob Swim, then a celebrated jockey, rode Tom. When the horses came onto the track, they were a pretty sight indeed to see.

There were three or four starters in the race. Tom stood almost directly under the

tape, perfectly still, with his head low and white face showing to the crowd, but with eyes alert and ears bent forward as if expecting and awaiting the tap of the drum. The other horses were somewhat restive and seemed anxious to be off, but none displayed the excitement so noticeable in the colts. Each evidently had had experience, and the race would be a hotly-contested one.

Tom was a beautiful animal as he stood, dark red-bay in color, and of fine proportions.

But at the tap of the drum the bunch is off and a good start is made. By the time they have covered the first half mile the brown mare, Kate, surges to the front, and keeps the lead for the first two miles in good style, closely followed by the other two horses, with Tom bringing up the rear.

The crowd is going wild with excitement by this time ; bets are offered freely and some are taken ; handkerchiefs flutter in the air, hats are waved on high, and from the throats

of the throng comes a mighty shout. Ah ! but what is that ? The two-mile limit has been passed and one of the horses slowly but surely begins to pull well up to Kate's side, and now they are neck and neck. A moment more—and—yes, he is ahead.

When the two-and-a-quarter post is passed a thread of light is shown on the horizon between the horse and the mare's nose, and the other horse is creeping up alongside of a Kate. There is now only three-quarters of mile in which to finish the race and Kate is beginning to show signs of distress and Tom is still bringing up the rear.

It is evident now that the mare can't win, but what is the matter with Tom ? Has he found his match ? Another hundred yards and the mare drops back and the two horses forge ahead. Tom passes the mare, but the horse in the lead hugs the fence on the inner circle of the track, the other runs his nose in toward this one's ribs, forming a pocket, so that there is no possible chance for Tom

to pass them except by pulling around the two on the outside, and this is what he is endeavoring to do. Now Swim, now Tom! Can they make it?

An anxious stillness is in the grand stand and over the crowd. Necks are craned, mouths are held agape, cheeks are blanched, and hands grip tightly any object in reach.

It seems that if something does not happen soon to relieve the congestion, this mass of humanity will burst through the bounds of time and cease to breathe the breath of life.

But the seconds have been speeding, and the horses have reached the two-mile-and-a-half post, and Tom Bowling is neck and neck with the foremost horse. Now they start down the home stretch, coming like mad, and Tom is slightly in the lead.

And now a great sigh breaks from the crowd, and then a sound that reaches the sky. On the horses come as if on the wings

of the wind, the jockey applying the whip to the sides of Tom's rival. Suddenly Tom is seen to leap and spurt like a steam-engine, with nostrils wide open and the fire flashing from his eyes; everybody is standing up now, on the seats, on the railing, all bending eagerly forward, each holding his breath for the next two seconds, which seems an eternity. And now the horses thunder under the tape, with Tom Bowling two lengths in the lead.

A mighty cheer goes up from thousands of throats that Tom Bowling has won his greatest race.

When the race was over, our friends returned to the city, Mrs. Darnaby made her visit to the Todds, and was ready to go home with her husband the next day.

And time went on, and when the passing of the years had changed many things, when Maud had grown to be a very beautiful young lady, and was quite sure she would marry Tom Darnaby, Hugh's eldest nephew,

when Hugh's own boys, two of them, were growing to be fine manly fellows, and a sweet heavenly-faced little girl was come to brighten their lives and share their love, when Captain Hugh Darnaby had become very popular, and was one of the most generous-hearted men, when he was Judge Darnaby, and his brother Tom was State Senator Darnaby, when the silver threads had become very thick among the brown locks upon his wife's head, and the lovelight in her eyes had grown very mellow and sweet, then we find that the trust of these two in each other had not changed, that their contentment and happiness had changed but to grow more satisfying, more intense, if less outwardly demonstrative.

Indeed they had joined hands, and were traveling, quietly traveling together, down—just over the crest of the hill that leads, let us hope, into that love which surpasseth man's understanding.

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